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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE net is closing in. Franco has formally joined the anti-Comintern pact and placed all Spanish harbours, aerodromes and resources at the disposal of Germany and Italy. The encirclement of France is thus nearly achieved; meanwhile, the Axis is completing its occupation of Eastern Europe and of strategical positions in the Mediterranean. Since Mr. Chamberlain excludes Russia and there is no general guarantee against aggression, the task of choosing the next victim is easy. Albania was seized on Good Friday, and we anticipate that the next on the list will be Jugoslavia, which has no pact with Britain and which is now hopelessly encircled. Since Mr. Chamberlain must be kept in office at all costs while the final Axis plans are made, the Duce will probably keep off Greece for the moment. Rumania and Poland, now negotiating to the sound of soft music in the German press, wait their time; more Italian and German preparations are made in Libya and Morocco. Germans feel sure that with Mr. Chamberlain in office in Britain and M. Bonnet still at the French Foreign Office, the complete subjugation of Europe can be accomplished without general war. On this point the *Frankfürter Zeitung* reassures the German public; the Führer, it explains, will manage, as always, to pull off this final coup "by a twist" that will avoid war.

The Seizure of Albania

With Albania subjugated, Mussolini is losing no time in organising a puppet regime in Tirana—based, in his own ominous phrase, on "Fascist justice." He has faked protestations of welcome and good will from his victims. Such sporadic resistance as has been put up to the invaders is being suppressed. And, what is more important, Italian troops, technicians and munitions of war are being steadily poured into the country. Nobody outside a lunatic asylum—or a Fascist State—of course believes the humbug talked about the "Albanian danger." Albania was already a vassal of Italy. Nor is it to be thought that he was seeking—or has got—anything of great material value in this little mountainous country. It is more likely, as is pointed out in an article on another page of this issue, to be an economic liability than an asset to Italy. The real motive of the crime was political and strategic; it was designed partly, no doubt, as an assertion of the prestige and power of the southern end of the Axis, and certainly as a taking-off place for other and bolder adventures in the Mediterranean. There is now full collaboration between the German and Italian general staffs.

Taking Precautions

Meanwhile, the rape of Albania has put all Europe, from the North Sea to the Black Sea, in a new ferment. The British Government, though it has shown some signs of activity, has as yet apparently resolved on no firm or settled policy. We write before the meeting of Parliament, when the Prime Minister is expected to make a declaration, and we can only record the rumours—incredible, but persistent—that " appeasement " is to be tried again, and that, with the ugly facts staring him in the face, Mr. Chamberlain is going to ask the Duce for more " pledges " ! On the Continent anxiety has been more acute. In Poland army reservists are ordered to report for special training. The calling up of the frontier guards in Holland is stated by Dr. Colijn, the Dutch Prime Minister, to be merely a precautionary measure and not an indication that an attack by Germany is feared ; but a rather more alarmist report of the situation has seeped through from Berlin. France also has been busy with precautions, which include the stopping of army and navy leave and the completion of further defence measures. In Germany there is at the moment no overt activity ; but the Nazi press is in full blast against the democracies, and Great Britain in particular, for " unjustifiable interference in Italy's affairs " and attempts to disturb the peace of Europe. This is coupled with jeers at the weakness of the British Navy, and possibly some readers of the Nazi newspapers will find it stimulating.

The Italians in Spain

There is little news from Spain, at least so far as General Franco's doings are concerned. But the French are uneasy, and Marshal Pétain, the Ambassador at Burgos, has gone to Paris to report on the situation as he finds it. He has apparently protested, without much effect, at the delay in the repatriation of the Spanish refugees in France. Even more disturbing is the continuance of the Italian troops in Spain—there have indeed been reports of new contingents landing there, despite all the Duce's promises of withdrawal as soon as the war was over. Now, it appears, the date is postponed till after the triumphal entrance into Madrid, in which, naturally, Mussolini's stalwarts will take a prominent part. The appointed day for this gala is May 2nd. And, when May 2nd has come and gone, will another date—say, somewhere in the region of the Greek Kalends—be found for the final departure of the Italians ? French opinion is profoundly sceptical about any early departure. And even in Downing Street they are evidently not comfortable about it ; for, as we were told very solemnly by the *Times* on Wednesday : " The more the British Government examine the Mediterranean situation, the more important does Spain appear to them. Another reason for not denouncing the Anglo-Italian Agreement is that they wish to lose no opportunity of encouraging the Italian withdrawal from Spanish territory." What a commentary on Mr. Chamberlain's masterly diplomacy !

Balkan Reactions

The pawns in the game of power politics, wherein the initiative is so clearly held by the Axis, have reactions of their own. In relation to British pseudo-promises and semi-offers of support the attitude of the Balkan States approximates to that of the hospital patient who displayed on his bed-head a notice : " Too ill to be nursed to-day." Acceptance of a guarantee to aid resistance against powerful aggressors is regarded as too dangerous to be tolerable unless the guarantor's sincerity and ability to implement his promises effectively are beyond question. The Turkish press has remained significantly silent on the subject of British pledges to preserve the integrity of Turkey. In a statement on Tuesday the Turkish Prime Minister, M. Saydan, declared that Turkey, confident in her own military strength, would maintain a " correct attitude " towards all other countries, great and small—a polite way of saying that Angora proposes to watch attentively the way the cat jumps. Greek policy is equally equivocal. Last week-end the Government at Athens was sending out frantic radio appeals for the despatch of British battleships to the Piraeus. On Wednesday, with the knowledge that Italian troops were concentrating on the Albanian-Macedonian frontier, General Metaxas was effusively thanking the Duce for his assurance of Fascist regard for the integrity of Greece, and looking forward to " a new period of cordiality " in the relations between Rome and Athens. Greece's Germanophil dictator, imbued with fanatical hatred of Bolshevism, is a very doubtful recruit for the Western democracies' Grand Alliance.

Crumbling Solidarity

While Jugoslavia, the unresolved Croatian problem still engrossing M. Tsvetkovitch, watches developments uneasily—with the knowledge that Italian fortifications on both sides of the Strait of Otranto now effectively bottle up the Adriatic—there is evidence of divided councils and hesitant perplexity in Bucarest. Rumania, it was understood before the Albanian *coup*, had intimated willingness in principle to conclude a mutual assistance pact with Britain on the lines of the Anglo-Polish understanding. Her attitude to-day is less decided. Unable to obtain specific guarantees of Polish support in the event of Bulgarian claims in the Dobrudja or Hungarian demands for the return of Transylvania, King Carol is obviously playing for time. M. Gafencu's unexpected announcement that he will visit Berlin next week presumably indicates that the Rumanian Government is anxious to ascertain how much it might hope to preserve by promising neutrality (a term which would involve German access to grain and oil supplies) in the event of general war. Thus, so far as can be judged at present, all that is likely to emerge from Britain's efforts to mobilise a solid front against the Axis is our assurance of support if Polish or Greek independence is threatened. By way of comment it is reported that M. Lipski, the Polish Ambassador in Berlin, has taken with him to Warsaw the " suggestion " of Ribbentrop that Danzig should be ceded, an extra-territorial motor road built by the Reich across the Corridor, and various frontier rectifications made in Silesia on " ethnological " lines.

America and the Axis

While desultory debate continues in the Foreign Affairs Committees of both Houses of Congress on the question of revising the U.S. Neutrality Act, President Roosevelt has lost no time in intimating plainly to the Axis Powers that America would be a factor in another world war.

On the news of Italy's invasion of Albania he cut short his holiday at Warm Springs, Georgia, and remarked to the crowd who watched him board the Washington-bound train: "I shall be back in the Fall if we do not have a war." The Presidential use of the collective "we," formed the text for a leading article in next day's *Washington Post*, a strong opponent of Isolationism. This article was significantly commended by the President at his press conference on Tuesday—his implication being that, in the event of general hostilities launched by Germany and Italy, the United States would not remain disinterested or completely neutral. It would be unduly optimistic to expect that Congress will agree to the repeal of the Neutrality Act in its entirety before war occurs in Europe; but it is known that the Administration approves of the Bill sponsored by Senator Byrnes, providing for barter exchange of U.S. wheat and cotton against British Empire rubber and tin—an arrangement planned with an eye to war possibilities. Public opinion in the United States has been profoundly shocked by the rape of Albania; and Nazi activities in Patagonia have served to remind America that the Monroe Doctrine would be seriously jeopardised by Axis hegemony in Europe.

The Popular Front and All That

The last week-end saw a number of political and professional bodies engaged in their usual Easter conferences. Among the subjects under discussion, the international situation, electoral tactics and the Cripps controversy all bulked large. The I.L.P. is still trying to make up its mind about rejoining the Labour Party, and eventually the delegates decided by 69 votes to 40 to continue negotiations for "conditional" reaffiliation. The outcome of these will not be of profound importance to the Labour movement or to the country at large; the I.L.P. is but a shadow and a fraction of what it was in its heyday a generation ago. The Co-operative Party by a substantial majority reversed the decision which it took last year in favour of a "United Front." In several of the Trade Union conferences there was warm debate over the position of Sir Stafford Cripps. The Shop Assistants supported his plea for an opportunity to state his case at the Whitsun congress of the Labour Party. The Distributive Workers demanded the cancellation of his expulsion from the Party. The Public Employees and the Boot and Shoe Operatives carried resolutions—the latter without a single dissentient—against the "Popular Front." From all the evidence that is available up and down the country, it is pretty clear not only that Sir Stafford is fighting a lost cause but that interest in the whole controversy has steadily declined.

Teachers in Conference

The National Union of Teachers and the National Association of Schoolmasters, while they were concerned about matters of high politics at home and abroad, naturally devoted a good deal of their time to educational and professional questions—from the Spens Report to the provision of A.R.P. for children at school, from cramming to "equal pay" for men and women. The N.A. of Schoolmasters—which is consistently anti-feminist, though its members usually preface their speeches by denying that—insisted that boys must be taught by men, in order to give them "that virility of character, steadfastness of endeavour and sense of fair play" necessary to defend democracy and liberty. They also demanded that the Board of Education should be reconstituted in such a way as to take education out of the arena of party politics—whatever that may mean. The N.U.T. debate on Monday was at a high level. The teachers are, of course, not in complete agreement about all the details of the Spens recommendations; but they show a remarkable unanimity in their zeal for reforms that would make "equality of opportunity" in the schools something more than a catch-phrase and narrow the gulf between the education of the children of the well-to-do and that of the poor.

Without Comment

Prime Minister in Birmingham Town Hall on April 8th, 1938: "I only ask you to have a little patience, to wait a little longer—and I do not think it will be very much longer—before our agreement with Italy is concluded and published, and then, if you are not of my opinion, if you do not believe that it is not the Prime Minister who has been fooled, but the Socialists and Liberals who have been fooled themselves, I will be prepared to eat my hat. No, believe me, the Government have a very clear and definite foreign policy, which they keep always before them, and which they continue to pursue by various methods according to the circumstances of the time. The object of that policy is to maintain peace and to give confidence to the people, if that be possible, that peace will be maintained so that they may all go about their occupations free from a sense of menace lurking always in the background."

The Prime Minister: "The Rt. Hon. gentleman has assumed that the success of General Franco will mean handing over Spain to what he calls the Fascist Powers. He has assumed that victory for that side will mean that Spain will pass under the complete control of Germany and Italy. He has assumed that this has long been the intention of those two Powers and, apparently, he thinks that their objective is now in sight. The Government have never taken that view."—(*Hansard*, March 16th, 1938).

The Prime Minister in debate on Anglo-Italian Agreement: "That is an important declaration. They are what I suppose are alluded to by the Opposition in their Amendment as 'illusory promises.' I wish to state, on the other hand, that His Majesty's Government accept them as being given in good faith and believe that the Italian Government intend to keep them in the spirit as well as in the letter."—(*Hansard*, May 2nd, 1938.)

The Prime Minister, moving the acceptance of Anglo-Italian Agreement: "Some Hon. Members, with that eternal tendency to suspicion which, I am afraid, only breeds corresponding suspicions on the other side, persist in the view that Germany and Italy have a design of somehow permanently establishing themselves in Spain, and that Spain itself will presently be setting up a Fascist State. I believe both those views to be entirely unfounded. When I was at Munich, I spoke on the subject of the future of Spain with Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, and both of them assured me most definitely that they had no territorial ambitions whatever in Spain."—(*Hansard*, November 2nd, 1938.)

The Prime Minister: "Let me remind him that only the other day, when we were in Rome—as I said this afternoon in the account which I read to the House—we received again fresh, repeated assurances from Signor Mussolini and Count Ciano confirming what they had already told us, that they had nothing to ask of Spain after the war was over; and, of course, I had similar assurances from Herr Hitler."—(*Hansard*, January 21st, 1939.)

GOOD FRIDAY.—Mussolini seizes Albania. Franco joins Anti-Comintern pact and places all Spanish harbours and aerodromes and other resources at the disposal of Germany and Italy in the event of war.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE U.S.S.R.

THIS is not the time for delicate words. The British Government, which now dictates the policy of France, refuses to take the one step which would make sense of the policy it pretends to follow. There is still no alliance with the U.S.S.R. The excuses given are three-fold. First, it is said that Russia is isolationist and not anxious to save one capitalist nation from another. This is untrue, since a Nazi Europe is a menace to Russia. But Russia may soon have to fall back on isolation if British and French policy remains unchanged. To-day Russia still offers to join to the full in a policy of collective security against aggression; she objects to separate pacts which do not check the advance of the Axis, though they may divert the direction of its next move, and which may, with Mr. Chamberlain in charge in Britain and M. Bonnet in France, leave Russia to an isolated war waged as an anti-Bolshevik crusade. Secondly, it is said that the value of Russian military help is dubious. This is nonsense. The U.S.S.R. has planned for defence rather than offence, but her strength is immense and, in the case of Poland especially, she is in a position to give such effective support that Hitler would certainly hesitate to attack the combined Powers. Thirdly, it is said that the Poles do not want the aid of Russian troops. Colonel Beck and his associates are, of course, as anti-Soviet as Mr. Chamberlain, but, as the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Warsaw recently reported, one cannot meet an ordinary Polish citizen who would not welcome Russian help if the alternative were Nazi conquest. It is the now familiar story; most Governments prefer to capitulate to Hitler rather than to fight a desperate war in isolation or risk the ideological implications of a Russian alliance. Ordinary citizens are not allowed to understand what is happening until the Gestapo arrives. If it was true that Colonel Beck objected to Russian help, it is surely obvious that the British answer should have been to say in the most uncompromising terms that, since Britain can do nothing directly to prevent Poland being overrun, Poland must accept the help of the U.S.S.R. or remain to cope with Hitler single-handed. So obvious is it that a pact with Poland without Russia is a suicide pact for Poland, if not for Britain, that we hear with no surprise that M. Lipski has carried to Warsaw from Berlin a set of German " suggestions " about Danzig and other matters in dispute.

When the Government announced its change of policy after Hitler had invaded Prague, Mr. Litvinov at once urged a consultation of six Foreign Ministers—not a " conference "—at Bucarest. The British Government replied within a few hours that the suggestion was premature and that it was proceeding by diplomatic steps. The reason is not difficult to see. A Bucarest consultation would have brought the Powers up against an inescapable choice. Since no Power in Europe can help Poland directly except Russia, and Russia is the one great Power which counterbalances the supremacy of the Axis on the Continent, consultation at Bucarest would have made a Russian alliance almost inevitable. Instead, since the outcry from the Conservative Party was vehement and the danger to Poland immediate, the Government began a compromise policy of piecemeal pacts which they could not effectively implement, which annoy without impressing Hitler, and which amount to a caricature of collective security.

After Munich there were only two possible policies. One was to wash our hands altogether of Eastern Europe, look for such aid as we could find elsewhere and hope that Hitler would not come West; the other was to join up with the Franco-Soviet Pact and seriously decide at what point the peace-loving Powers intended to call a halt to Hitler's advance. We did neither and are making the worst of both worlds. Even now a comprehensive system of mutual assistance pacts backed by the maximum force (which means in Eastern Europe the U.S.S.R.) would have a good chance of success. All Governments, including that of Germany, are terrified of general war. None will survive it and it will reduce their regimes to chaos. It should be remembered that every German officer is brought up on Clausewitz, whose philosophy from a military point of view is unanswerable. Peace is merely an interval between wars and war is the continuation of policy pursued during peace. The object of the policy is to manoeuvre for position until the time comes to strike. The blow should not be struck until the strategic position is won, until the enemy is hopelessly outnumbered. Following this doctrine, Hitler has so far won several wars without fighting them; Mussolini has won in Abyssinia and Spain and taken Albania. The third Axis Power, Japan, was less wise and is deeply bogged in her war in China. When she was met with stubborn resistance by the U.S.S.R., she retracted. Exactly the same policy of a clear resistance called a halt to the Fascist Powers in the Mediterranean at Nyon—the only occasion on which Britain and France stood firm. But to make separate alliances with weak Powers which do not confront the Axis with the certainty of resistance on equal terms is to court humiliation.

When Mr. Chamberlain underwent his sudden conversion to collective security, we prophesied that the public would soon be disillusioned. There has been no real change in the Government's policy. Poland, with the example of Czechoslovakia before her, may not be so easy to disintegrate, but while it is still possible that the Polish Alliance will land us into war without the U.S.S.R., it is more likely that Hitler will be able to secure his position in the East, through Polish compliance and further Rumanian concessions, before he comes West. In the Mediterranean, incredible as it may seem, the indications are that the Prime Minister is still inclined to place reliance on the Duce's professions of good faith and pacific intentions. It is explained that if we take a tough line about Albania, Italian troops are less likely to be withdrawn from Spain, and that if in fulfilment of the Mediterranean Pact we demand a withdrawal of Italian troops from Spain, Mussolini is more likely to attack Greece—and so on and so on. There is, of course, no intention on the part of the Axis Powers to relinquish their grip on Franco's Spain. The Spanish conquest is vital to their entire strategic plan of encircling France and destroying British power in the Mediterranean. Franco is a puppet in the hands of Italy and Germany; new concentrations of Italian troops, including Alpine regiments for work in the Pyrenees, continue to reach Spain; and the French General Staff is now reported to be perturbed by Italian and

German preparations both in Morocco and in Libya. The theory of Clausewitz is being closely followed. The new threat to France and Britain is only to be made when strategically the position is already won. To this obvious policy Mr. Chamberlain would apparently like to reply that we must give his friend Mussolini another chance of getting out of the Axis, and try to arrange with him another Anglo-Italian pact in the Mediterranean.

War may always occur when millions of men are armed, nerves frayed and tempers roused; but if we interpret events rightly, the actual threat in the West will be postponed until the strategic positions in Eastern Europe and the Mediterranean are completely in the hands of the Axis and its full power can be directed towards France and Britain. That may be very soon. It is then calculated that with an influential "Fifth Column" in Paris, France can be separated from England, and Britain left isolated and defenceless. One wishes that the Labour Party, which always advocates the right policy, but tends to accept the Government's statements when they say that they too have adopted it, would leave off wasting time in expelling the keenest advocates of the peace bloc and make the country understand that talk of collective security is dangerous and fraudulent if Russia is excluded. We write before Mr. Chamberlain's statement on Thursday afternoon. We are assured that he will administer a firm rebuke to the Duce and make a strong declaration about Greece. But unless there is a serious approach to the U.S.S.R. all this means little and the Axis Powers will romp ahead until it really is too late. Mr. Chamberlain still believes in appeasement, but with each heightening crisis it has to appear in public more emphatically to repudiate it. For it is not the common people of England who wish to see Europe surrendered to Fascism and Britain the vassal of Germany.

THE END OF ALBANIA

"IF Italy gets away with her Abyssinian invasion, we Albanians are next on the list."

Three and a half years ago those words were spoken to me over the flickering fire in a *kula*, one of those eyeless fortress houses in which the Albanian tribesman of the high mountains still lives to-day as he has lived for centuries past. They were spoken without bitterness, without resignation, but with the austere clearness of sight that is the occasional property of the hillman at his best. The lean *maltsors* squatting round the hearth nodded their heads in silence. There was nothing to say but to hope the day of reckoning might be long postponed.

For Albanian independence depended so plainly on the maintenance of international public order. King Zog knew it better than anyone; the army, he told me, was a useless drain on the public purse, since Albania could never hope to defend herself unsupported. In one of those expansive moments which the presence of a Western journalist stimulated, he even sketched out a plan by which half the next batch of conscripts would be drafted on to the land, to be trained in the use of the plough instead of the bayonet.

Superficially there might seem nothing in the little country to attract the covetous eyes of her powerful neighbour. Balkan poverty is proverbial, but even among the Balkan States Albania is a poor relation. Her exports of olives, eggs, fish and tobacco amount to barely a third of her imports of manufactured goods. Her grain crops do little more than feed her own 1,000,000 population. The famous Italian-exploited oilfields of the south furnish oil of so poor a quality that an English company, five years ago, abandoned its concession when the very moderate price was raised against it. Extended irrigation and mosquito control might bring new life to the malaria-haunted coastal plains. But an irrigation expert sent straight from heaven could not provide, on the Plain of Muzeqeja, for more than one-tenth of the 20,000 Fascist families which optimistic Italian press reports sometimes daydreamed of settling there.

Albania, in fact, was an imperial asset of much the same value as Abyssinia but for her one unhappy property—strategic position. Between Otranto and Valona the Adriatic Sea narrows to its narrowest, a mere 45 miles. If Italy controlled both sides, she could shut Jugoslavia's sea gate and menace her southern land gate, the railway to Salonica. If Jugoslavia controlled the Albanian side, both her routes were secure. Albania could save herself from being swallowed up by one or the other on one condition—the maintenance of international table manners. Should Snatch What You Want become the rule, her doom was sealed.

King Zog could only play his difficult game of maintaining Albania's freedom on the assumption that table manners would be preserved. Assuming that, his task was simply stated: to obtain from one of her neighbours the maximum of assistance for her poor people, and to give the minimum of political concessions in return. Theoretically it might have been wiser—once the plan for a League loan had failed—to turn to Jugoslavia and the Balkan Entente for aid. But even if Jugoslavia had the cash, historical memories had to be reckoned with. The mediaeval Serbian Empire, Orthodox in faith, had wrought worse atrocities on the then Catholic Albanians than had Cromwell on the Irish. These past wounds had left such a bitterness that you could meet Albanian mountaineers who understood Serbian well but refused to "soil their lips with the Slav speech." Ancient hatreds had been roused to higher intensity yet by the horrors which the Serbs wrought during their invasions of 1913 and 1921. And few Albanians could forget their 700,000 minority over the Jugoslav border, where it is a prison matter to be found reading an Albanian paper. So King Zog turned to Italy for aid, and the stream of Italian financial assistance which began in 1924 continued, with minor interruptions, till last week.

Few Albanian intellectuals would contest that much of the money has been wasted. The agrarian problem, for instance, is the biggest the country has. A third of the land is in the hands of some two hundred big proprietors, whose tenants hold their precarious little patches on a crop-sharing basis. A couple of bad harvests will put thousands even of the peasant owners into the hands of money-lenders whose normal charge is 60 per cent. It may not need a bad harvest; the traditional expense of a wedding or a burial feast can throw a mountaineer's budget out of balance for an entire year. Yet less has been spent on agrarian reform than on the construction of one single piece of window-dressing at Tirana, the Boulevard Zog, which a cynic characterised to me as "the boulevard without a capital."

But if there was waste, the Italians could scarcely point a finger, for with their cash they sent scores of financial and other experts to Albania. It was they who put up Tirana's lavish new Government buildings, only to discover when the decoration was completed that they had forgotten to provide for the installation of central heating or the telephone. It was they who foisted on Tirana the unwanted Academy of Music, staffed with Italian professors at top rates and closed after a year because no pupils came. And the National Bank they ran was commonly reported to advance the money-lenders their capital and to share their gains.

King Zog's Albania was not the happiest of countries. Mussolini saw it with no displeasure, and from time to time tried to foment a rising which would give him a pretext for intervention "to restore order." Albanian patriots saw it with despair. The King, since the attempt on his life in

Vienna years ago, had shut himself up in his palace and saw nothing of his people but the crew of shady, grafting big-proprietor politicians who were bitterly referred to as "the Old Gang." Some achievements his Government had to its credit—a road system that was opening up the mountains, lost in secular poverty, an educational system that had increased school attendance from 2,000 to 60,000 in a few years. But the sense of order instilled by the English-trained gendarmerie—the Duce forced their English inspectors out last autumn—was undermined by the indecent ease with which any client of the Old Gang could get away with theft or peculation, by the knowledge that it was hopeless to prosecute a powerful mountain chief for murder. The sense of enthusiasm in capable Civil Servants was sapped when they saw the big posts being given away, over their heads, to hangers-on of the Old Gang who might be scarcely literate. Pathetically the intellectuals talked of appealing to King Zog's better nature, hoped that if a free election were ever permitted the voters might be weaned from their habit of following the local *aga*—the big man. Of one appeal they certainly never thought, an appeal to Italy.

Their two thousand years' fight for freedom has made it too precious a thing in Albanians' minds for them to seek a new foreign subjection, even were Italy loved. And through the length of Albania, Italian tactlessness and Italian insolence have made Mussolini's name more hated than the vilest of the Old Gang. Three years ago, when Count Ciano visited Tirana to sign the latest Italo-Albanian treaty, the school-children were served out with Italian flags to wave and green-white-red rosettes to wear on the road by which he drove in. Albanian children have not so much colour in their poor clothes that they can afford to throw any away. Yet half of those rosettes were torn out of their buttonholes and trampled under foot as soon as they were issued.

The names I have recognised so far in the list of those Albanians who have fawned on Mussolini for his "wonderful gesture" towards their country are not the names of the young patriots who were the bitterest critics of the old regime. They are the names of Old Gang veterans, palace toadies, men who called themselves the friends of King Zog.

RONALD MATTHEWS

A LONDON DIARY

THE sunshine and the crisis did not go easily together, and as the one was enjoyable and the other could be put aside, most people contrived to have a very good Easter. The beauty-spots of England were more crowded than ever. Near one famous river-junction a friend of mine counted about eight hundred cars, parked close together with most of their occupants sitting amongst the petrol fumes eating their sandwiches. What a blessing it is that when a large proportion of the forty million people of Britain go on holiday they like to herd together in Margate or Southend and at specially advertised view-points, so that only a mile from roads as noisy, smelly, hot and crowded as Piccadilly one finds the English countryside still happily deserted, its beauty untouched. Occasionally a holiday-maker, more curious than the rest, would inquire at a public-house if there was any news. ("It does seem a shame that he should have all these lovely countries," was one village comment). The only news was the bare fact of the Italian seizure of Albania. We scarcely realise yet how completely the Axis can cut us off from Eastern Europe. Official bulletins came from Rome, and the Albanian radio, after trying bravely to get through its protest in spite of persistent jamming, was finally silenced. If Germany and Italy wish, all our news from Eastern Europe will have to come via Turkey or the U.S.S.R., which would send it round the world via the United States if the Scandinavian route gets cut off.

* * *

This is an extraordinary moment in world history. All sorts of incredible things are possible. I can imagine Hitler overwhelming Rumania or Poland without anyone here knowing exactly what was happening. We should presumably blockade Germany, which would have no immediate effect. After securing the East, Germany could turn round, face us with a *fait accompli* and suggest that we should terminate hostilities. Nothing is too fantastic to happen. People still do not realise how little we can do in Europe without Russian aid. They are still under the illusion that they belong to the greatest Power on earth and that everyone is frightened of us. We have been an island, man and boy, for some thousands of years and we do not easily adjust our minds to changes at our time of life. Actually we are not in a strong position. The Empire is too scattered, and we no longer stand for any great moral principle behind which the world will readily rally. We have still never made any great public offer to democratise the Empire; no public call has been made to the world to reorganise itself economically. Our money power would tell in a long war, but Fascism, being a slave economy, depends less on money than any great regime since the Middle Ages. Whether aeroplanes are effective against a navy is the great unknown factor. We still have sea-power, and if that lasts we shall not be starved, and our control over raw materials would count for a lot. But it is strange that even now we do not go in for intensive agriculture. The odds are to-day that Europe will sink into chaos and that the future of civilisation will be in the United States, the U.S.S.R. and China, which is developing in its vast hinterland a brave new national organisation. I have heard few things more fascinating recently than the determination of Chinese students to maintain their university life. Japan has deliberately destroyed one university after another, it being part of her doctrine that all students, just because they are students, are impregnated with dangerous thoughts and a centre of resistance. Students have taken all the books they can carry and marched together sometimes more than a thousand miles to start new universities. One of these carries on a lively existence in caves in the province of Shansi. Japan, on the other hand, is feeling the strain; there is real opposition now to the Chinese adventure, and Japanese papers are plucking up courage to discuss the reason for what they admit is military failure.

* * *

On Good Friday evening I happened to walk down a street where several new houses were being built, and noticed that even though it was 6.30 p.m. the builders' labourers were still at work. "Not much holiday for you," I said to one, "but overtime rates, I suppose." "No overtime for us," he said. "But you work all of a Bank Holiday?" "Yes; you see, it's a long break from Friday to Tuesday and we are luckier than many who are locked out Good Friday and have no money for Easter Monday." Queer to think that in democratic England, a man should feel himself lucky to be working overtime, without overtime rates, on a public holiday.

* * *

You will have seen that Mr. G. E. R. Gedye, the greatest of British correspondents on the Continent, got the sack from the *Daily Telegraph* because it was annoyed that he should write a book containing information and comment which the *Daily Telegraph* refused to print. Reading *Fallen Bastions*, one of the finest books of our period, I came across an illuminating conversation with a Nazi not long before Hitler's aeroplanes arrived over Vienna. Mr. Chamberlain, said the Nazi, had shown that it was his guiding principle always to back the Nazis. "We have the easy game of threatening him alternately with our strength and our weakness." Exactly. When the Fascist Powers threatened, Mr. Chamberlain said: "We must yield or there will be war." When the Führer and the Duce said: "We are in a bad way. We shall fall if you do not give us more markets and help us to expand," and Mr. Chamberlain, fearing chaos and Bolshevism—oh, such a danger!—helps them out in Spain, Czechoslovakia and everywhere else. Italy, I hear, is still playing the same game. There is grave internal weakness, and the General Staff and the industrialists, realise that Italy would be the first sufferer

in a war. The story that Mussolini has written a letter which has deeply impressed the Premier, is, however, officially denied.

* * *

Hungary and Peru resigned from the League of Nations on Tuesday.

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If leaflets can arouse the public, the latest Left Book Club effort, *Save Peace*, is well designed to do the trick. Several millions are to be distributed free and supplies may be obtained from 17 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. They have, I think, a new chance of effect; it is pathetic the way Tories and bitter opponents of the Spanish Government are now coming round and saying: "So you were right after all about the Axis in Spain. What can we do about it now?" Conservative Club members are terrified that Russia won't help us in a war!

* * *

How many people realise that the distance (across sea all the way) from the German aerodrome at Santander to the British dockyards at Devonport is less than the distance from Aberdeen to Devonport?

* * *

Julian Huxley told me a curious little fact about the Zoo the other day. It appears that the Zoo telephone has to be disconnected on the First of April every year because hundreds of calls are put through; "Can I speak to Mr. Lion?" "Does Mr. C. Lion (or Mr. Wolf or Mr. Beaver or Mr. G. Raffe or Mr. L. E. Phant) live there?" Apparently the technique is to leave a message for a friend asking him to ring up one or other of these plausible names at the Zoo number. Mr. Huxley tells me that Dr. Vevers, the assistant director of the Zoo, missed an urgent call one day because the operator thought someone was asking for Dr. Beaver and promptly disconnected the call. It would be impossible to employ anyone named Lion or Beaver on the staff of the Zoo.

* * *

The panda has been the most successful animal acquired by the Zoo since the arrival of the first hippo in 1850. He was a national hero, like the panda. He arrived at Southampton and was brought up by rail in an open truck. Crowds lined the route and thronged the stations to see him as he passed. *Punch* ran the hippo for months, calling him H.R.H., which stood for "His Rolling Hulk." The panda has swept England. The teddy bear rage was nothing to it. Several children's books have already been produced about the panda; nursery wallpapers, toys, charms and panda dolls are already selling everywhere. The best I have seen is a panda you can fit on to your hand and manipulate the arms and legs with your fingers. It is fun to make your panda behave like the real panda and put his paws over the black spots round his eyes with that appealing gesture which makes him so roguish and adorable. No one knows why he does this. My own guess is that he doesn't like the light—he comes from deep bamboo forests where the light must always be dim. It is easy to account for his popularity. He is a dream animal—friendly and woolly and strange and funny, extremely cuddlable and full of originality in his gestures and play. His name is good, too; it lends itself to all sorts of puns, decent and otherwise; I hear a new dance tune has just been written, called "Pandemonium." Then there is the panda feature by Low and Peter Howard in the *Evening Standard*. A passable children's column, I should have thought, in a morning paper, but surely an odd job for Low in a paper read almost exclusively by adults? Yet I suppose it would not appear if it were not popular. The Zoo is just pandaring to the public taste? Of course. You can't help it, you see.

* * *

Heard at a public library.

Borrower: "A book for a lady, please."

Librarian: "A nice love story?"

Borrower (indignantly): "She doesn't want any stories about love; my wife's a Christian."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to H. D. Clive.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mr. Patrick O'Donovan, Oxford, said that many young people who had lost faith would regain it if they could be assured that the Conservative party was the one essentially democratic and classless party in the State.—Speech at the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Organisations—Reported in *Daily Telegraph*.

For 116 years landlords of the Widow's Son Inn, at Bow, E., have collected hot-cross buns as a condition of the inn's lease. So that the historic buns shall not be damaged an air-raid shelter is being built for them.—*Daily Sketch*.

Zog, in his attempt to resist, shows the way to Benes, who did not resist. The Czechs tamely surrendered their fortress. Yet it was the most expensive in the history of the world. It possessed immense armaments, tremendous defensive strength. But the Czechs did not stand to their guns.

It is their habit to put the blame on Britain and France. That excuse will not survive the searchlight of history, which will say severely of the Czech nation that it was not prepared to fight for the liberty which it lost.—*Daily Express*.

When I enrolled as a Special Constable I felt that I had at least volunteered for a man's job. From the *Daily Mail* I am surprised and almost disgusted to see that Bolton has just appointed its first *woman* Special Constable. Is there nothing sacred to man? For my part I shall not attend any lectures or instruction classes at which there are women; in fact, I am considering resigning.—Special Constable, Bolton.—*Daily Mail*.

GERMANY IN SPAIN

PUBLIC opinion has been aroused over Germany's demands for Rumanian oil. Few people will doubt their importance for the Reich's war preparations. But the economic hold of Germany in Spain is studiously ignored in all diplomatic negotiations, in spite of its being a tremendous threat to the Western Powers. One can hardly assume that British statesmanship is relying on the promises of a "Spain for the Spanish" which Generalissimo Franco is said to have given freely. It is more probable that leading British politicians gamble on the establishment of a conservative monarchy in Spain, supported—especially in view of the absence of a monarchist mass movement in the country itself—by England and based on loans from the City.

But the Reich has done a very clever and farsighted job in Spain. The activities of the German trade organisations, of the HIMSA, or the presence of technicians and specialists, could be curtailed in a Nationalist Spain. The xenophobia of the Spanish people is a reality which works in first line against the traditionally hated and despised Italians, but in the long run against the Germans too, exactly as it would work against the English or the Russian. But there are no provocative German industrial monopolies so far. All German firms could be removed from Franco's territory, and still the Reich would keep its hold. This is no new thing. When the British industrial interests were withdrawn from the Northern Spanish mining concerns and ironworks after the Great War, the Germans moved in, discreetly and efficiently. French and British finance was still active, but the weak Spanish industries it would put on their legs were becoming affiliated to German interests. Before the civil war broke out, the situation, in terms of industrial control—not in official and legal terms of course—was this.

The Spanish chemical industry and trade was wholly a domain of the *I.G. Farbenindustrie*. The textile industry of Catalonia, was bound to procure all chemicals and dyestuffs from a firm with a very Catalan name, *Industrial y Quimica Lluch S.A.* (Certainly it will have been restored to its "rightful

owners" now after the sequestration.) This firm is actually a branch of the *I.G. Farben*. The pharmaceutic industry of Spain was tied to *Schering-Kahlbaum*. The industrial gas was in the hands of the *Gasverwertungs-A.G.*; the electric industry in the hands of the *Siemens Consortium*; the aviation in those of *Junkers, Heinkel* and the *Luft-Hansa*. The *Forjas de Alcala S.A.*, special steel manufacture, was a branch of the *Reiniger Stahlwerke*. Machinery for the mines was imported by *Orenstein* and *Krupp*. The electrolytic copper works in Cordoba were German. The *Vereinigte Stahlwerke* themselves controlled the Spanish mining industry with the exception of that old British colony, Rio Tinto. And there are other cases of German domination, which, while they may be less important for heavy industry, are perhaps quite as important for the complete infiltration of the Spanish market.

Now, in nearly all those industries, the firm's title and the prominent names on the boards and in the shareholders' meetings were Spanish of the Spanish. But the civil engineers used to be German as well as some of the managers, and German were the patents for the actual fabrication. German citizens with large credits in the German Transatlantic Bank or the German Bank for South America were co-operating with Spanish lawyers and business men, and had found a very important ally in the famous banking house at the disposal and under the financial control of the Jesuits—the Urquijo Bank. Urquijo signed most contracts with shadow firms hiding German capital and was acting for them. When, still under Alfonso XIIIth's rule, Ford found himself in a complicated lawsuit against the German Junkers Company over the exploitation of patents in Spain, he had to give in, in spite of a legally unassailable position, because his adversary could pull strings to influence even the Supreme Law Court. The counsel for Junkers was the legal adviser of the German Embassy in Spain, Mr. Rodriguez Rodriguez, who later on defended himself from the hostility of some Nazi officials by proving to them his role in the Fascist-Catholic movement of Spain, the Falange.

Thus, after all, the Junkers and Heinkel bombing planes over Madrid and the shells with the Vereinigte Stahlwerke and Krupp trade-marks destroying Spanish homes were defending very big German economic interests. In the Franco region, their "Spanish" companies became the centres of war industries. In the conquered provinces, they were restored to their overlords. German prospectors had for years before the war scoured the countryside for new sites of bauxite, manganese ore, steatite, potash, magnesia; they had very often bought land as if for farming, letting it lie fallow for future exploitation. Sometimes they got into difficulties through the obstinate refusal of Castilian peasants to sell their land for that in itself uninteresting thing, hard cash. Now, under Franco's rule, all these places are put under a safe ownership—safe for Germany. Oh yes, there will be no foreign capital, all very Spanish! And the precious British loans, especially those negotiated by Juan March and his firms in the city, will rebuild business for all those Spanish enterprises, and end in Berlin bank deposits.

There is a political safeguard, of course, against any government in Franco Spain which might really try to curtail trade with Germany and to nationalise the important branches of industry. By far the most powerful organisation—if one leaves out the Roman Catholic Church for the moment, as being in Spain, as it is elsewhere, divided on the issue of Fascism—is the Spanish Falange. By Franco's decree it had been united with the monarchist "traditionalist" groups; there is only one party and only one trade corporation officially. But inside of this "Arbeitsfront" and inside of this only party the Falangists, not exactly Franco's best friends, have gained strength by the appeal of their social demagogy and their anti-clerical tinge. General Yagüe, who had been in disgrace after a violently anti-Italian and anti-traditionalist speech, is their principal exponent in the army. And in the army he has certainly a greater influence than the Generalissimo, who always belonged to the group of Court-and-Church generals typical of old Spain. Now the Falange has had the support of Germany during all this time. Its leaders were protected against the persecution of Franco's officials in many instances; its functionaries have been educated in German party schools, with all the new methods of Nazi propaganda. In the background, during the second half of 1937 and the first half of 1938, at least as regards their official standing, the Falangistas have now come to the fore again and all wireless speeches from nationalist stations show their growing influence. Again Germany has done a clever bit of organising work. And the official British attitude has helped to hide this behind a fictitious Franco legend. How long till the next shock to naive British statesmen?

J. B.

A PERSONAL VIEW OF THE REFUGEE PROBLEM

FOR forty years I have been successively in close touch with many forms of human maladjustment, destitution and injustice. But never—except perhaps over certain Indian questions—have I dwelt in such a Heartbreak House as the Refugee problem. It is just as though one stood hour after hour, day after day, with a small group of people outside bars behind which hordes of men, women and children were enduring every kind of deliberately inflicted physical and mental torture. We scrape at the bars with little files. A few victims are dragged painfully one by one through gaps. And all the time we are conscious that streams of people are passing behind us unaware of or indifferent to what is happening, who could if they united either push down the bars and rescue the victims, or—much more dangerously—stop the torturers.

There are many varieties of victims and degrees in their suffering. The majority, of course, are Jews and non-Aryans, together perhaps a million in Germany and Austria and another quarter of a million in the former Czechoslovakia; perhaps another four-and-a-half million enduring less acute persecution in Poland, Lithuania, Rumania, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Italy, etc. Estimates vary. There are also the victims of political persecution in every country under dictatorship, whose numbers I have never seen estimated. They are enduring even worse things than the Jews with greater courage, because they are sustained by their political faith. They chose danger; the Jews had it thrust upon them as a consequence of their race.

The sense of responsibility for these sufferings also varies, both with the nationality of the victims and with our own conception of responsibility. We are most directly responsible for those in or from Czechoslovakia or Spain. We did not create anti-Semitism or Nazi-Fascism, except so far as these are the products of Versailles, of non-enforcement of the Minority Treaties, or of the abandonment of collective security. We did bring about the destruction of Czechoslovakia through Munich and of Spain through the hypocrisies of the Non-Intervention policy. As to responsibility, some people apparently feel it only for the evil they actually do; others feel guilty of every bit of evil in the world which they or their nations—with which they identify themselves—fail to prevent, provided it was possible to prevent or try to prevent it without creating a greater evil or neglecting a more important duty. For Christians at least this view seems inherent in Christian teaching concerning our duty to our neighbour.

For those of us who take the latter view, contemplation of the refugee problem is embittered by the knowledge that in proportion to their resources of wealth, land and influence, Great Britain and its Colonies and Dominions have been among the least generous of civilised States in contributing towards a solution (the States which create the problem being, of course, among the uncivilised). For comparative figures and comments as outspoken as could be expected in a semi-official publication, see Sir John Hope Simpson's recent Survey of "The Refugee Problem" undertaken for the Royal

Institute of International Affairs. Some indeed of the British people, especially the Jews on behalf not only of their own people, but of Christians as well (for whom Sir John says the Jews have done more than the Christian Churches themselves), and the working and professional classes on behalf of the Spaniards, have lavished money and effort. But except in two respects, the grant made for refugees from Czechoslovakia and sundry contributions for the relief of Spanish refugees in Spain and France, the British Government has contributed practically nothing in money and has indeed immensely complicated the work of the voluntary organisations by the rigidity of its restrictions on immigration. As a result, the number of refugees, including children, in this country at the end of February was according to the official figures only 19,053. Probably the actual figure is a few thousand more if those in fact though not officially recognised as refugees are included.

The refugee question has been raised several times recently in Parliament. The Minister replying may be the Prime Minister, or the Home Secretary, or Lord Winterton as Chairman of the Evian Committee. But the purport and even the words of the replies vary little. There are always to begin with an acknowledgment of the terrible nature of the problem and expressions of sympathy with the victims. Then comes a tribute to the work of the voluntary organisations. Then some account of the small, leisurely steps taken by the Government. Next, a recital of the obstacles—fear of provoking anti-Semitism or the jealousy of the unemployed, or of encouraging other nations to unload their Jews on to us. Finally, an uncompromising refusal to depart or ask other States to depart from the fatal principle laid down at the Evian Conference last July, that whatever is done must be limited by the capacity of voluntary organisations to initiate, finance and carry out schemes of long-term settlement.

As to all this, Ministers may well express gratitude to voluntary organisations! They must know that but for their unstinted devotion, scenes of horror would have occurred which would have brought down upon the Government the one thing it really fears—public scandal and electoral unpopularity. They must know, too, that the backs of the voluntary organisations are simply breaking under the burden cast upon their workers. The administrative machinery they can afford is quite inadequate to their task. Densely overcrowded offices with too few telephones and workers result in preposterous hours. Ring up one of the principal workers at 9 a.m. and one usually finds that she (it is usually she) has already gone to her office. Ring up again at 11 p.m., and she has not returned. Worse than overwork to the sensitive must be the knowledge that correspondence unavoidably delayed for weeks, or perhaps mislaid, has often meant that a victim for whom rescue was possible, even under the rigid official restrictions, has been driven to suicide, or seized by the Gestapo, or is in Dachau enduring some of the refined tortures of that hell, or is believed to be hiding by night in empty drain pipes and by day in the forests and is untraceable. (These are actual instances.) Yet to the request for some help towards the administrative expenses of voluntary organisations—even in the case of refugees from Czechoslovakia for whom a grant of £4,000,000 was allocated for migration—the reply hitherto has always been, "Impossible; it would be a dangerous precedent."

Even worse than this petty meanness is the hitherto unshaken resolve of the Government neither to depart from the fatal resolution taken at Evian, nor financially to aid large Reception Homes or Camps for temporary maintenance in this country pending permanent settlement, as frequently advocated by Sir John Hope Simpson. To throw the whole burden both of temporary maintenance and of permanent settlement upon voluntary effort is simply equivalent to saying that the refugee problem is insoluble, unless by the overthrow of Nazi-Fascism and all its works. The actual and potential resources of voluntary organisations, here and elsewhere, are, as every non-governmental expert on the problem has admitted, completely inadequate for the task. No sane person advocates unrestricted and unregulated emigration which might bring in unmanageable hordes, perhaps including many spies. What is needed is reasonably generous admission of those known to be in serious danger, for safe-keeping under supervision, coupled with the speeding up of arrangements for large-scale settlement overseas, financed by an international or colonial development loan.

I would not cast blame on the kindly, courteous, overworked officials of the Government Departments responsible for carrying out this policy, nor even overmuch on their ministerial chiefs—individually, no doubt, humane men. The responsibility rests primarily upon the Cabinet as a whole, secondly upon the Ministers, and thirdly upon ourselves, if we do not as individual citizens exert every means we possess of influencing the Government to change its policy. A Cabinet is a collective entity, and such an entity has proverbially neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned. Yet sometimes as I gaze across the House at the serried row of rather uninspiring personalities upon the Treasury Bench, I am tempted to wish that they had indeed a collective soul, which could be condemned to spend eternity in seeing and feeling the torments which their policy has caused others to continue enduring, while their individual souls reposed blissfully in some insipid Paradise, listening to music played upon antiquated instruments. ELEANOR F. RATHBONE

CATTY

IF you wish to preserve any liking you may have for cats, do not, I advise you, travel with a cat in a motor car—not, at least, with a Siamese cat. When Norman invited me to spend a few days at his cottage and offered to drive me down, I had no notion that a Siamese cat would be of the company or I should have gone by train. When he called round for me with his charming wife, Sarah, and her rosy-cheeked Uncle George, however, I had already climbed into the seat beside him, before I realised that Sarah and Uncle George had a wild beast between them at the back. "You have no idea what trouble we have had with him," said Sarah. "First we tried him in a basket, and he burst the lid open. Then we rang up a vet and got this box with a wire door for him, and he's trying to burst through that. Patience, patience," she murmured to the cat, who was howling and moaning in his cage and showing signs of incipient mania. "Patience, patience," she repeated, adding, in order to reassure me, "He'll be all right when he gets used to it."

"If you take my advice," said Uncle George in a testy voice, "you'll take the cat home and leave him there before he goes mad." "I can't take him home," said Sarah. "The war may start while we're in the country, and I'm not going to have Puggy bombed." "Cats," declared Uncle George, "should take their chances." "You don't know," Sarah replied, "how Puggy hates noise. He nearly has a fit every Fifth of November when he hears the fireworks going off. The noise of a bomb might scare him to death." "He nearly has a fit," retorted Uncle George, "at the present moment, and I doubt whether any bomb is as likely to scare him to death as being shut up in a cage in a jolting motor car. It would be kindness to the cat," he urged, his voice beginning to tremble with anxiety, "to take him home and leave him there."

The noise the cat was making was certainly nerve-wracking. I suggested stopping at a veterinary surgery and getting the vet to give him a sleeping draught that would keep him quiet and happy till the end of the journey. Sarah, however, maintained that the cat would be all right as soon as he got used to the motion of the car—to which the cat replied with an ear-piercing howl that ought to have shaken the confidence even of a professional optimist. "Patience, patience," she admonished the rebellious animal. "Don't tear shawl to pieces," she wheedled him, as though she were talking to a baby. "Gentle Jane, Gentle Jane," she murmured, as though to address him as a member of the other sex might have a soothing effect.

I looked round, and the cat was certainly not behaving in the spirit of Gentle Jane. Making noises like a beast of prey, he was doing his best to tear to pieces the white shawl that had been spread on the floor of the cage for his comfort, and little bits of fluff were coming through the cage-work in a shower. The cat itself was looking extraordinarily wicked. Those squinting eyes, which are supposed to be a mark of beauty in a Siamese cat, expressed nothing but malice, and when he bared his teeth to mew—if you could call it mewing—he showed fangs that seemed more suitable to a ravening tiger than to a domesticated animal. Evidently Uncle George thought so, too, for his cheeks had now gone almost as pale as his whitening beard and his eyes were starting from their sockets. Sarah approached the wire with her hand in order to counsel patience to the desperate creature within; whereupon Uncle George cried excitedly: "Don't put your hand near him, for Heaven's sake. Don't you know that a scratch or bite from a maddened animal is poisonous?" "Puggy's not mad," said Sarah, withdrawing her hand all the same. "Are you, Puggy? He's getting to like nice motor car. Aren't you, Puggy?" To which Puggy replied with jungle noises, hurling himself body and soul against the imprisoning wire. "They seem to be having some fun behind," said Norman, who had until then shown no sign that he had heard anything. "I hope it will be all right," said I. "It makes one miserable to see an animal unhappy." "Oh, I'm enjoying it all right," said Norman; "I never liked cats."

We had left Richmond Park through the Robin Hood Gate and driven a short way along the Kingston By-pass when the assaults of the cat on the wire began to take effect. The wire had been guaranteed as an impregnable defence, but the word "impregnable" apparently does not exist in a Siamese cat's dictionary. "Look," I heard a shout from Sarah; "he's getting out. He's got his head through. He'll choke himself on the wire." She put out her hands either to press him back or to help him out, while Uncle George, becoming hysterical, shouted: "Leave him alone. Leave him alone. Better that he should choke than that you should get bitten." The cat, however, had no thought of choking. With a mighty plunge he widened the breach and in a few seconds had wriggled his fawn-coloured body out of the cage and jumped down on to the floor of the car.

"Look," cried Uncle George. "He's slavering at the jaws. He's slavering at the jaws. Stop the car, Norman; stop the car. There's only one thing to do. We must open the door and let him out. If he's not mad now, he'll be mad in five minutes. Do stop, Norman," he pleaded, "for Heaven's sake. He may do Sarah a serious injury." "Don't be silly," said Sarah, who is a dauntless woman; "he's much more likely to do you a serious injury, Uncle George." I confess, with a wild cat growling and grumbling just behind me, I began to be conscious of an unpleasant sensation at the back of my neck and down my spine. I once knew a man whose father had had his arm stripped of its flesh by a wild cat in a wood; and, if the cat, having lost its head, should spring, he was just as likely to make for my neck as for Uncle George. Hence I felt a certain sympathy with Uncle George's argument that, for the cat's own sake, the door should be opened to it and that it should be allowed to escape and make its way home as it could. "Cats always find their way home," he assured Sarah earnestly; "I've heard of a cat that found its way home from Cornwall to London." Sarah, however, was adamant. "This cat," she said, "is going to find its way to the cottage."

She had by now taken it up on her lap, from where it stared out with wild eyes at the scenery that rushed past. "Good Puggy," she said. "Now you're getting to like it. Nice Puggy. Nice motor car." The cat muttered what appeared to be an oath. "Now," Sarah continued, stroking his head, "look out of the window, and I'll point everything out to you. That's the Toby Jug. Nice Toby Jug." Puggy moaned in disagreement. Sarah continued lovingly to point out all the sights to him. "Now, we're coming to the Ace of Spades," she explained. "Nice Ace of Spades. Then at the merry-go-round we turn to the left to Chessington where the Zoo is. Nice Zoo. Nice bears. Nice lions. Nice tigers." It was Sarah rather than the cat who was doing the purring; but Puggy certainly seemed to be becoming dazed under this flow of baby-talk. And by the time he had been shown Leatherhead —"Nice Leatherhead. Oh, nice Leatherhead"—he appeared to have sunk into a coma.

I began to feel less apprehensive about the back of my neck, and, as we passed Leith Hill, even Uncle George had recovered his equanimity sufficiently to comment on the beauty of the scenery. Even so, when the cottage came into view, we all heaved a sigh of relief; and I almost loved the cat for not having gone berserk during the journey and torn the lot of us to pieces. "I told you everything would be all right," said Sarah as we drew up at the gate. "You go and open the door of the cottage, Y., and Norman will carry Puggy in and put him in his basket by the fire." Puggy, unfortunately, had recovered from his coma by now, and, as Norman took him in his arms, he began to struggle to escape like a mad thing. Norman battled with him nobly; but a Siamese cat is at once as elusive as an eel and as powerful and lawless as an all-in wrestler. By the time they reached the door, Norman had lost hold of everything but the cat's collar, and, in another two seconds, by a marvellous feat of skill, Puggy had wrenched his head through this and was off like a streak of lightning up the garden. There he almost ran into the gardener, but with a wonderful side-step—or rather, side-jump—he rounded him, and sprang either through or over the hedge into the garden next door. No sooner was he on his feet than he caught sight of a large woolly dog, which rushed at him, and, with another record side-jump, he had reached a low roof and flung himself over a fence into the field beyond. . . .

We spent the rest of the holiday looking for him. Uncle George, I think, was secretly glad that the cat had disappeared, for when he got me alone, he kept muttering things like: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Under Sarah's humane dictatorship, however, he found himself compelled to investigate every nook and cranny in neighbours' barns, calling "Pussy, pussy!" into the shadows like any cat-lover. He drew the line, however, at going into a loose-box containing a horse which, rightly or wrongly, he thought looked savage. This went on for three days, with nowhere to walk except in search of the cat, and nothing to talk about either among ourselves or with the neighbours except the cat. And at midnight we all stood gloomily outside the door and chorused "Puggy, Puggy!" to the stars.

"The only bright spot," said Uncle George, as he drank his nightcap on the third night, "is the disappearance of the cat." Scarcely had he spoken when a familiar mew sounded outside the window. What joy there was as Sarah came down and we opened the door and let the cat in, Uncle George acting the happy hypocrite like a man! Having fed it, Sarah said it must sleep on her bed. At two o'clock she woke us all up, drawing the bolts to let the beast out. At three o'clock, it had leaped through the window into Uncle George's room, oversetting a lamp, and Uncle George's movements and oaths, as he put it out again, once more woke the household. By four, Sarah heard it mewing plaintively outside and woke us letting it in. At six it wanted to get out again; so Sarah came downstairs, and what with the creaking of the stairs and the sound of rusty bolts being drawn, made further sleep impossible. . . .

We were all looking rather haggard in the morning. Uncle George and I said good-bye to Norman and Sarah after breakfast and thanked them for the lovely time they had given us. As we sat in the London train, Uncle George looked out of the window and said: "What a beautiful world!" I gazed at the flowering blackthorns and the primroses on the banks and agreed with him. "Yes," he sighed, "more beautiful than one could have imagined in one's wildest dreams. Not a single cat in sight."

Y. Y.

SNARKING

Snark: chimerical animal of ill-defined characteristics and potentialities. Lewis Carroll. *Oxford Dictionary.*

" JUST the place for a Snark," the Captain said,
As he hoisted the Pact with the Poles—
" Though lubbers ashore may see breakers ahead,
" I am bent upon hugging the shoals."

" Our craft," he continued, " is safe as a Bank,"
And he rubbed out the whole of the log—
" Were my chart not a perfect and absolute blank
" We might all have been shipwrecked on Zog ! "

His easy assurance encouraged the crew
And its secret they begged him to tell.
So the Captain replied : " When about to collide
" There is nothing like tingling a bell.

" Though fogbound," he added in musical tones,
" We may fearlessly steam after Snarks,
" If together we cling singing God Save the King
" And throw men overboard for the sharks."

They sought it with paper, they sought it with pacts,
They pursued it with shares and soft soap,
With autographs, gammon, persuasion and tracts,
They wooed it with pens and hope.

Till " At last ! " cried the lookout, " the Snark is in sight,"
And they ran up the notice called D.
Then the ship and the Captain both capsized outright
For the Snark was a Boojum, you see.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Buying a Farm

I HAVE just bought a farm. This sounds very grand and rich and capitalistic, but I am assured by competent advisers that investment in good farming land is as sound a proposition as stocks and shares and that, therefore, I would be well advised to. I find it very difficult to take any interest in stocks or shares, but I do find it very easy to take an interest in farm-land. It provides me with enormous pleasure to think that instead of owning some 3 per cent. New Zealand Stock, which means nothing to me, I can own two hundred acres of Kent. Those two hundred acres are something tangible ; something which I can walk over and feel my own. They represent something real, not something merely set down on paper, such dull things as New Zealand Stock or Conversion Loan.

I take an absurd pleasure in owning land. It is not for any ostentatious reason, or because I want to be a big landlord ; but simply because I love the fields and the orchards so much that I want to feel them safely mine. Safe from any builder-aggressor. Besides, the terms of the lease delight me. It delights me to read that all the hereditaments coloured pink on the map are mine ; that one-half of the soil of one-half of the bed of the stream known as the Hammer Stream is mine ; that all timberlike trees, sellers and saplings, all minerals, stone, flints, gravel, clay, marl, springs, wells and water-courses, nests, eggs, hares and wild-fowl, are mine ; that all hedges shall be properly slashed, laid, and trimmed in a workmanlike manner, nor the size or shape of any field be rendered different without my consent. All this pleases me out of all proportion, and persuades me into thinking that I live in the England of the Paston Letters.

Buying a Motor-mower

I have also bought something else which pleases me far less. For many years I resisted the importation of the thing into my garden, but it has at last arrived. For a long time I am sure that my gardener suspected me of avarice : motor-mowers are expensive things to buy. I think I convinced him finally of the purity of my motives when I was offered one as a free gift, and rejected it. He then thought me not stingy, but mad.

However, he has now his way. I have laid out my thirty pieces of gold and secured the enemy in exchange. Everybody on the place, except me, is delighted. They take delight in pointing out how much time the thing saves, and that one man can now do the mowing in a morning and an afternoon, whereas it used to take two men two mornings and two afternoons to do it with the old pony. I see that. But I do regret the old pony.

The old pony came here as a beautiful glossy chesnut cob. She is called Gracie Fields because she graces the fields (not *my* joke). For her weekly mowing she used to wear leather boots, which were left neatly laid out in the pattern of her feet, four chubby objects waiting beside the mower during the dinner-hour. Then would come the clank of the ancient machine as they started off again, and the summer sound of the whirring knives ; the smell of freshly cut grass as the heaps rose higher on sheets of sacking. All this has gone now, replaced by the chugging of the efficient little motor, pursued by the garden-boy walking far faster than he has ever been known to walk before and looking absurdly as though he were pushing some wild sort of pram.

There is a certain magnificence about big agricultural machinery ; even a hay-elevator has its beauty, and last year we had a hired gyro-tiller, which prowled from farm to farm and tore up the pastures with controlled and methodical savagery. The exaggeration of its massive power made it a monster of benevolent destruction ; it flung up the clods behind it until the field looked like a choppy sea. It has a miniature relation, for use in gardens, which will dig a bed for you in less time than it takes to fetch the spade from the tool-shed and from which all dignity is totally lacking. Machines, to be impressive, must either be exceedingly delicate or exceedingly large ; there can be no half-measures ; thus the motor-mower and the hand-tiller are rather comic and certainly vulgar. I do not think that my gardener has heard of the hand-tiller yet, but I am determined that it shall never take its place here beside the motor-mower.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

POEM

[The late Antony Toynbee had the intention, shortly before his death, of translating a number of Pushkin's poems. He had written poems of his own in Russian and English. This version of a poem by Alexander Blok (1880–1920) is the only piece of translation he actually left.]

STILL august are the sombre heavens,
Still without hope are the wastes of the city,
Still for the hapless, beseeching, hungry,
No one has pity ; no one has pity.

And over the inlets the voice of the lowly
Falls and is lost in the Neva's sleep,
And the desperate crying—" Crush them, O crush them ! "
Wakes no reply in the drowsing deep.

And in the grey sky is a frigid brightness,
And the Winter Palace is white and forlorn,
And the black knight in armour will give no answer
Till he be touched by the light of the dawn.

Then clothed in crimson, above dark waters,
See him more grimly unsheath his sword,
With the uncouth people, in useless battle,
To lie down dead for an ancient word.

THE STOVE

Our stove at home is out of repair. It is so much out of repair that my whole family get monoxide poisoning through it.

But the beastly House Committee wouldn't do anything about it. They would not repair our stove. They're economising. Saving up for a rainy day.

A little while back they came to look at our stove. They stuck their heads inside it and poked about in the chimney. Then they said:

"There's nothing wrong with it. You can live with it all right."

"You ought to be ashamed of saying such a thing, Comrades," I told them. "You can live with it! We always get monoxide poisoning from this here stove. The other day even our cat was poisoned. She was sick in the kitchen, over the pail. And you say: one can live with it!"

The beastly House Committee then said:

"All right, then. Let us make an experiment, a regular one, and see whether your stove produces carbon monoxide. If after lighting it we get monoxide poisoning—then it's your luck. We'll have it repaired. But if we don't get poisoned, you must forgive us: it'll have to be left as it is."

Agreed. We lit the stove, and sat round it.

We sat for some time, sniffing. The President of the House Committee sat close by the stove, the Secretary a little further off, and the Treasurer still further off, on my bed.

Very soon the smell of monoxide began to spread about the room.

The President sniffed at it.

"No," said he, "it's nothing at all. It's just warm air from the stove."

The Treasurer, the toad, added:

"An excellent atmosphere, as a matter of fact. One can breathe it in with pleasure. It does not affect the head. In my own flat the atmosphere is much more smelly, and yet I never make complaints. Here, the air is perfectly normal."

"Normal?" says I. "Just look at it, if I may say so. Don't you see the gas streaming out of the stove?"

"The best thing is to call in the cat," says the President. "If the cat sits quietly, there's nothing wrong. An animal is always disinterested. Not like a man. You can rely on an animal."

We calls in the cat. She comes in, jumps up on the bed and sits quietly. Clearly—she'd got used to monoxide.

The President looks at her, and he says:

"No, that's all right. We are sorry, but we cannot do anything."

Suddenly, the Treasurer sways as he sits on the bed and says:

"Excuse me, I must leave you, I have business to attend to."

And he stands up, green in the face, and sways as he stands.

The President says:

"We'll all go presently."

And he gets up, and goes to the window, trying to get some fresh air through a chink.

I pulls him away from the window.

"That's not the way to make experiments," I says.

"Very well," he says, "I can move away from the window if you wish. The air in your room is quite healthy for the lungs. It's natural air, suitable for the human organism. I can't agree to do repairs for you. Your stove is quite all right."

When half-an-hour later this same man was laid on a stretcher, and the stretcher shoved into the ambulance, I had another little talk with him.

"Well, now?" I ask him. "What about it?"

"Nothing doing," says he. "No repairs can be made. One can live with that stove all right."

So no repairs were made.

Nothing doing. I'm getting used to it. A man's not like a flea, he can get used to anything. MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO

(Translated by ELISAVETA FEN)

DRANG NACH SÜDEN

Unforetold, uninvited, not with arrogance, but not with sidle and feint, manoeuvre and draperies,
Steam from a lake of primrose isled with violet, beyond woods sombrer than Dunsinane,
Out from valleys soon pledged to ah, what imprudences of arson, what red expenditure,
Comes to us pikestaff-high, comes steady, stony-faced to the wilting of summer, comes rain.

Pleasure were to plead outrage; this cowled impertinence, no! this hodden, sodden,
Down-trodden, brown molasses forthslid from th' inverted pudden-bowl, no! not this fume
Clogging all the blue purpose, patience of Pomona, Ceres inviolate, a-smile, and lounging!
Foolishness! *there* were heralds, criss-cross of anxiety—dive, lawn-long swoop, swerve, and resume—;

Swallows! swallows! the knell-word smells of latest sighs, broadening of shutters, mutter of padlocks,
Hissing of wheels, the black-out of glitter, of those petals in blaze, even of regrets; so up, up, and on!
Quiver, shrink into column, set the invisible compass, streak from our hollows, slough our hesitations;
Then can our desiderium drown its dull embankments, only when you, shaft of sick longing, have whirred the trail, are gone.

Then, oh, then, chill-abandoned to soughing and keening, indifference of zinc, of bronze and gun-metal,
Shall we not dart the spirit, shoot instantly the heart's beam, hot-haring to the hot South?
Oh, the flame-throwing mind, princely in exultation, traversing fog-bewildered spaces, restored, rejoining
Earlier Edens, why forfeited? the poor poet's legacy, parchment signed by Phoebus, divinity of drouth!

See, behind in an opal shimmer already the tiles, mad painters, and aromatics of Provence, already
Genoa's plunging mansions slide a marble foot further into foam, already Pisa's wearisome tower
Waves its draught-ridden lily; Rome was a huge, split-open empress of peaches, with ants a-scurry on her;
Naples with hair of lava-dust flashed castanet-teeth at our transit; the wind rose, and blew for an hour,

Hour of which, in a paean of amber and turquoise, we caught that roaring second, charged with incantations,
Second of gleaming cloud-wrack driven behind Segesta's columns, honey on porcelain; and now we hang
Lower, teasing the tawny ridges, the spike of whining minarets, strutting camels, and a long-footed sepia
Gabble of population, drowned in grey tensity of sun-stare, goal penultimate of the *Drang*.

Lastly, calm as a nightbird, we fall where between bursts of bougainvillea, stuck with the bathing ibis, green with midday,
Sighing for Hundred-Gated Thebes stifled in the pink sand, surpassing the purple Nubian in guile,
Blue from Africa's heart, trundling across panther-coloured leagues that life-giving silt of life-blood,
Flows to the sound of kohl-eyed love-songs that glide from minor to minor, flows towards Northern blue, flows Nile.

Now already the travellers, delicately tussored and mightily guide-booked, between pimp and cicerone,
Stand in the courts of Karnak, suitable-gaping, or clatter towards the stiff paint procession of Seti's vault;
Ah, but crooked as ever, we will evade them, turn from their animal-headed duskinesses, the perfume of death, the priesthoods;
Coolly against the sun-daze, we will stare over Nile at emerald corn, at pride of date-palms; we will muse on the Celestial Fault.

Ah, we'll dream of Akhnaton, Mighty Bull, Lofty of
Feathers, Favourite of the Two Goddesses,
Wearer of Southern Heliopolis Diadems, Golden Hawk,
Great in Duration, Son of the Sun,
King of Upper and Lower Egypt, High-Priest of Ra-Horakhti,
rejoicing in his name " Heat-which-is-Aton,"
Lord of the Breath of Sweetness, dear Akhnaton, with his
large head, jaw in advance, his rêverie-bruised eyelids,
mouth second to none ;

Dream how, weary of Thebes and the ram-browed Amon,
urged on by visions boiling in him in his High Evil,
Taking his Nefertiti and their slight children, he went in
the royal dahabieh along Nile's imperial breast
Down to Tel-el-Amarna, and there, oblivious of hawk and
lioness, cow, ape, and crocodile,
Built the Horizon City, built it with lotus-pillars, ribbons
and plumes of ostrich, all to the All-Highest and Best ;

Dedicated it, smiling, to the Intangible Essence, the Disc-Spirit,
whose love makes the hands to faint, and in his brilliant
temple
Offered the flowers of Egypt to Him that gives breath to the
chicken in the shell, brings one Nile from Heaven, one
from the nether-world,
Ships, too, sailing up-stream, no less than down-stream, with
the fish and ducks dancing in the marshes, and dark
boatmen
(Manifold are Thy Works) living again when the rose of
dawn explodes, dying as day's flag, suddenly, is furled.

Then did Amon remember, and brought from the countries of
Baal and of Ishtar, drinkeress of blood-potions,
Syrian princes, Hittites, Amorites, that tore up gleefully the
empire, splendour of Thutmosis the Great ;
You, the loveliest child of Aton, oh ! you fell down on the red
poppies, the butterflies of your palace-floor, in a last
seizure ;
Back to the Hundred Portals crept the tame successors, back
to vulture and hippopotamus, back to the shadows, to
iron, to hate.

Better, then, to sit home-bound, watching how not with
arrogance, but not with sidle and feint, manoeuvre and
draperies,
Steam from a lake of primrose isled with violet, beyond
woods sombrer than Dunsinane,
Out from valleys soon pledged to ah, what imprudences of
arson, what red expenditure,
Comes to us pikestaff-high, comes steady, stony-faced to
the wilting of summer, comes rain.

DERWENT

THE MOVIES

" The Sisters," at the Warner
" Idiot's Delight," at the Empire
" Thanks for Everything," at the New Gallery (from Sunday)
" The Silent Battle," at the Plaza

The Sisters is a small-town family chronicle. The period is 1905, and the film shows a remarkable sense of style not only in its costumes and sets, but in its observation of social behaviour. In fact, the first half-hour establishes the atmosphere of place, time and family life so delightfully that we expect more of the film than it ever achieves. Ned Elliott is a fairly prosperous druggist at Silver Bow, and his three handsome daughters are the protagonists ; we first meet the family in a ferment of preparation for the Theodore Roosevelt Election Night Ball. This is the kind of thing a good American director can handle to perfection, and the ball itself, with its provincial gaiety and rowdy " square " dances, is excellent cinema, especially the moment when the eyes of Louise (Bette Davis) encounter those of a handsome, devil-may-care young journalist from San Francisco (Errol Flynn). They elope ; but the course of their marriage is too easily foreseen : Frank, stamped as " weak " from the outset, drinks, loses his job and abandons Louise rather than live on her secretarial earnings. No sooner has he gone than his unfortunate wife is involved in the San Francisco earthquake, a natural phenomenon which film directors find an irresistible temptation. The happy ending seemed to me false ; there was not the slightest ground for supposing that Frank would prove a more satisfactory husband after the earthquake than before. Mr. Flynn does pretty well, and Miss Davis, with her wide, wise, curious eyes and her great personal distinction, beautifully suggests the intelligence and integrity of Louise. The trouble with the scenario is that we are constantly being whisked back to Silver Bow to see what has been happening to the other girls. Not having read Myron Brinig's book, I cannot say whose fault it is that a story which promised so well should have petered out so tamely ; but I suspect the trouble to have been the old difficulty of squeezing a 400-page novel into a 100-minute movie.

Idiot's Delight is the successful Sherwood play gutted of what slight polemic content it possessed and transformed into a starring vehicle for Clark Gable and Norma Shearer. As the vaudeville dancer trailing a troop of squealing blondes through war-menaced Europe, Mr. Gable reveals a pleasant vein of irony ; but Miss Shearer, in the unfamiliar role of an adventuress, thinks fit to assume an inhuman blonde wig, an ultra-Garbo manner and a bogus Russian accent which would arouse serious suspicions in a child of two. The film, like the play, has its idea : to confront the lunacy of warmongers not with the reasoned opposition of the politically conscious, but with the plain stupefaction of trivially minded people who have never given a thought to politics in their life. But it doesn't come off, because we never believe in the danger or the aeroplanes or even the characters. The most entertaining part of the film is the opening, which shows Harry's desperate attempts to find a job after the last war. The European scenes are so careful to avoid offence that they are simply dull. *Thanks for Everything* is a cheerful little farce, faintly tinged with irony, about a grocer's assistant who wins a radio competition to discover the " average American citizen " and is exploited by an advertising agency which has only to observe his behaviour to predict just what America will think, wear, eat and do. Jack Haley makes as average a little man as one could want, and I was thoroughly enjoying the villainies of his exploiters, Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie, when the film unexpectedly struck a serious subject and proceeded to be equally cheerful about that. To satisfy the enquiries of an ambassador, they test the little man to see at what point the average American citizen would willingly enter a war to save Democracy. They had some screaming fun with faked newspapers and air-raids, but somehow I thought it a little less amusing than before. Impending world war also filled every foot of *The Silent Battle ;* really our cinemas are becoming scarcely less cheerful than the streets outside. This is an English spy mystery which fails to grip in spite of its employment of every sure-fire device known to the trade : a transcontinental express, a time-bomb and a wise-cracking 'tec (Rex Harrison). Valerie Hobson's performance included the worst stage-fall I have ever seen ; brighter moments were provided by Muriel Aked as Muriel Aked and Megs Jenkins as her stout, hoydenish and greedy daughter.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Donatello Photographs at the Warburg Institute

The Warburg Institute (which is housed in the Imperial Institute, South Kensington) is exhibiting a collection of large photographs of sculpture by Donatello. These have been made with remarkable skill and taste, and must interest even those who have studied the master carefully. Some details, such as the full-face view of Pope John XXIII, are entirely invisible except

in the photographs, others, like the Habakkuk on the Campanile and the relief on the Siena Font, are almost impossible to see. Unluckily, some of Donatello's greatest works are not represented in this exhibition, notably the Gattamelata. Nobody who examines these photographs can fail to be struck by the violence and "surprisingness" of the sculpture; the artist wrests natural forms most aggressively to his expressive and plastic purposes. And how strange is his imagination, as realised, for instance, in the Attis-Amor and the Mercury-like David! The Judith, the Herodias and the Habakkuk are terrifying in their violence. If Donatello's works were now seen for the first time, this greatest of all sculptors would excite hardly less consternation in Royal Academy circles than Picasso. Indeed, most of the supreme artists, from Giotto to Rembrandt, from Poussin to Cézanne, have expressed so completely their peculiar temperaments that only familiarity blinds us to their singularities. This exhibition, which may be closing this Friday, will give to anyone who cares for visual art a most exciting experience.

Barry Craig at the Storran

This is a pleasant exhibition by a young painter who has worked in Brittany. Some of his landscapes remind one unduly of Christopher Wood's, but his views of Belle Ile have a character of their own. The composition and colour is happy, except in some alarmingly realistic pictures of roses. There is a certain emptiness, so that one feels not so much "what a good picture," as "what a good setting for a ballet." A still life called *Christmas Day*, 1938, is particularly charming, and Nos. 1, 3 and 8 are among the best landscapes. Mr. Barry Craig needs to discipline his charming gifts with patience, to construct more solidly, to enrich his texture. But his paintings show taste, accomplishment and an interested eye.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, April 15th—
Communist Party Dance, Lyndale School, 67 Elton Avenue, N.W.3, 8.
Ballet Intime and Concert, Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, 8.15. Tickets 2*s.* and 1*s.* in aid of Spanish refugees.

SUNDAY, April 16th—
Dr. Marie Johada: "Austria, 1918–1938," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, April 11th—
Women's Organisations' Reception to Mrs. Lowe, Chiltern Court Restaurant, Baker Street, 8.30. Tickets 3*s.* 6*d.* from 90 Adelaide Road, N.W.3.

TUESDAY, April 18th—
A. Fenner Brockway: "How We Resisted in 1914–1918," Friends House, 1.20.
"The Amazons," Baber Theatre Club, 20th Century Theatre, Westbourne Grove, 8.15. And on 19th.
Wickham Steed: "Britain and the Next Crisis," Hampstead Town Hall, 8.30.
Dr. Edward Glover: "Freud's Contribution to Social Psychology," 96 Gloucester Place, W.1, 8.30. Tickets 2*s.*

WEDNESDAY, April 19th—
Marjorie Bowen: "Ethics in Modern Art," Conway Hall, 7.
Open discussion on Interior Design, Reimann School, 4 Regency Street, S.W.1. 8.
Philip Lorraine: "The Spanish Theatre and the Civil War," British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1, 8. Tickets 2*s.* from Secretary.

THURSDAY, April 20th—
"The Women," Lyric.

FRIDAY, April 21st—
New Revue, Little.
Season of Shaw Plays, Tavistock Little Theatre.

Correspondence

ANGLO-ITALIAN RELATIONS

SIR,—It appears that the Government does not intend to declare that Italian action in Albania involves the cancellation of the Anglo-Italian agreement of April 16th, 1938. If so, it is extremely difficult to find any excuse for a display of weakness which must add to the reluctance of any Power to enter into close relations with Britain.

The agreement of 1938 was one singularly unfavourable to the United Kingdom. It bound Britain to keep the Suez Canal open even if Italy and Britain were at war, a provision wholly disadvantageous to Britain and Egypt alike. It admitted Italy to equality of rights as regards relations with States in Arabia; it opened the Aden Protectorate to Italian immigration and residence; it pledged Britain to maintain the autonomy of the chiefs under British protection; it recognised the right of Italy to raise a native army in Ethiopia for service outside these limits, while forbidding Britain to use the inhabitants of the protectorate for other than local defence; it gave Italy a footing in the islands of the Red Sea. In flat defiance of the clear obligations of the United Kingdom under Articles 10 and 20 of the League Covenant, it arranged for the recognition of Italian sovereignty *de jure* in Ethiopia.

The only gains to Britain were the reiteration of the declaration of January 2nd, 1937, regarding the Mediterranean, and the pledge that on the termination of the Spanish civil war Italian volunteers would forthwith leave Spanish territory. It is absurd now to pretend that these promises have any value, and there is clear justification for a declaration that this unwise agreement, the fruit of a policy of appeasement whose unwisdom must be recognised by any serious critic, is to be deemed to be dead. We have a complete case for ridding ourselves of the commitment regarding the Suez Canal and restoring to ourselves our most obvious weapon against Signor Mussolini's designs to ruin our position in the Mediterranean.

Moreover, there is nothing more disastrous than to treat breaches of treaty lightly. Mr. Chamberlain's denunciations of Herr Hitler's treatment of the Munich agreement lose enormously in weight when set against the fact that he from the moment that the agreement was made acquiesced in its systematic violation, thereby producing the justifiable impression that the agreement was desired by Britain merely as a more or less dignified method of handing over Czechoslovakia to German control; a party to a treaty which forthwith allows it to be departed from has neither legal nor moral ground for complaint if the other party assumes that no importance attaches to its terms. Had Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax insisted after Munich on the carrying out of the agreement, and had they implemented the undertaking given to Czechoslovakia, Britain would not to-day be in the humiliating position of searching for allies with scant success. They were clearly bound to make it a condition of bringing into force the Italian agreement that Signor Mussolini should have been co-operating actively with them in securing the faithful execution of the terms of Munich. By failing to do so, they gave the dictators the right to believe that these terms were merely stipulated to conceal from the British public their betrayal of Czechoslovakia.

It must be added that Mr. Chamberlain's hesitation to denounce a treaty which has been grossly violated stands in strange contrast with his famous doctrine of October 6th last: "We had no treaty obligations and no legal obligations to Czechoslovakia," a mode of treatment of the League Covenant which violates every legal and moral principle regarding relations between nations. If our action now is confined to protests, we shall show to the world that we are as terrified of Italy as we were in 1936, when Mr. Chamberlain began his career as a pacifist by declaring that the maintenance of sanctions was midsummer madness. If national unity cannot free us from this inferiority complex, it would be better that the Oppositions should remain free to criticise a Government which has wholly departed from its mandate of 1935.

University of Edinburgh. A. BERRIEDALE KEITH

FEUDAL INDIA

SIR,—It was gratifying to see your article on Feudal India in the issue of March 11th and to know that the weakest link in the British Empire has not been entirely forgotten in the affairs of that smaller, but unfortunately more important continent, Europe.

You say that it appears that the Paramount Power is behind the local princes. This is unfortunately so not only politically, but also socially. To a certain type of European resident in India, an Indian is unknowable unless he is rich and a reigning prince, when he is often quite a good fellow, however arid and barbaric his ancestral park may be. One has no doubts as to the personal feelings of an official confronted with two alternatives, a divine right, *status quo* ruler and a bunch of political agitators, irrespective of the rights and personalities involved.

There is no doubt that England's chief supporters in India are these feudal princes and they have been given a correspondingly large influence in the federation scheme, though it is obvious that the majority are irresponsible.

But by encouraging the princes the Government defeat their own purposes, since it is the existence of this Feudal India which will wreck the federation scheme in practice and which accounts for the fierce opposition of democratic India. How can such

political extremes work in co-operation? If the Viceroy were to follow up his recent speech to the princes and ensure some measure of democratic government in the Indian States, there is no doubt that Mr. Gandhi would co-operate with the Federal scheme. The Englishman's position will not necessarily be weakened though his social status will be.

Mr. Gandhi may have been coercive in his fasting to death threat, but he has a precedent in Christ. He may have been insincere. His authority in the Congress had just been flouted and a split was imminent. An all-India question with his personal solution was necessary to restore unity. This he accomplished, fortunately for England. Mr. Bose in power would have meant a much stiffer feeling towards federation, though the Government might have benefited by the split. But there will be plenty of splits later when the Congress objectives are less limited.

And democracy must come, so to bank on Feudal India instead of on Mr. Gandhi appears to be unwise. We need have no fear, as the *Times* appears to have, of democracy in India. How has the new democracy of Bombay turned out? A big cut in all minister's salaries, a refusal to accept titles conferred by the Paramount Power, a drive in education and the enforcement of prohibition on themselves (the Indians, not Europeans), the considerable loss in revenue due to the latter being made up by increased taxation of the rich—all this has been pushed through in the face of bitter financial opposition.

Perhaps the proposed amendments to the Government of India Act will appease democratic India, and provide a strength to the British Empire stronger than mere armaments.

Bombay. J. G. N. BROWN

THE WAR MIND

SIR,—Miss Vera Brittain writes:

> My final example comes, I regret to say, from a meeting of the Left Book Club at Chelsea Town Hall. Here one of the distinguished speakers informed his willing audience that the war against Fascism was to-day the only war worth winning and would, in effect, be a war to end war, smash German militarism, and make the world safe for democracy. I have not heard these points made with such impassioned fervour since the recruiting meetings of 1914.

It is to me that Miss Brittain refers, as she specifically mentions Sir Stafford Cripps as the other speaker.

As every member of that audience can testify, as well as dozens of other audiences up and down the country (and even yourself, Sir, who have heard me speak on this subject) Miss Brittain is not telling the truth.

I divided my speech into two parts. The first part dealt with the menace of Fascist aggression in the military sense. I attempted to show, with maps, our strategic danger; and I pleaded for the closest possible understanding with the Soviet Union as the basis of a peace bloc—and concluded: "If only we can get that peace bloc in time, not only is the ghastly horror of world war not inevitable, it is to the last degree improbable."

I devoted the second part of my speech to the ideology of Fascism, and found it, in essence, a denial of the value of human personality. I illustrated this with quotations from modern German writers, but was careful to explain that this aspect of Fascism was not specifically German, but was the distinguishing mark of Fascism as such. I concluded (with a clear reference to the Popular Front) as follows: "The struggle against this reversal of all decent values is the only struggle worth waging to-day; and I do not care whether a man is a Liberal or a Socialist or for that matter a Conservative, so long as he is an ally in that struggle" (This is the passage that was most vigorously applauded, and to which Miss Brittain no doubt refers.) This led me on finally to plead, as the only hope of salvation, for more knowledge, understanding, and political consciousness on the part of ordinary men and women.

Why, then, does Miss Brittain put into my mouth phrases about "a war to end war" "smashing German militarism" and "making the world safe for democracy"—phrases that have been neither on my lips nor in my heart from the day, twenty-two years ago, when I was "sacked" for advocating a League of Nations, through all those years when we were pleading for decent treatment for Germany, right up to the present campaign for collective security to prevent war?

I have the greatest possible respect for pacifists—and would not even presume to criticise those few (those very few indeed) of them who left hurriedly for America last September when war seemed to threaten, instead of remaining here either to help the suffering or to testify to their beliefs. Many of us, indeed, who loathe war more than anything in this world often wish that we were *able* to be pacifists. But why bring disrepute, as Miss Brittain does, on the whole pacifist case by distorting the words of those who detest war every bit as much as she does—but happen to think that not pacifism, but collective security, is the only thing that can prevent it? VICTOR GOLLANCZ

"FLOWERING RIFLES"

SIR,—We owe you our gratitude for publishing Mr. Roy Campbell's letter in your last issue.

Mr. Campbell is the worthy panegyrist of the men who so bravely liberated Guernica, who wielded so honourably the clean blade of racial purity against the vileness of German-Jewish babies, who carried through the glorious conquest of Albania against such overwhelming odds. It is right that it should be so; other bearers of his name have traitorously failed to live up to the traditions of the Campbells, but Mr. Roy Campbell's pen, at least, is still bright with the blood of wicked babes.

Mr. Campbell's friends in this country are too silent; since Glencoe they have been sadly loth to glory in their bright manhood. Of course, in Germany and Italy and liberated Spain it is different, but few of us read the languages of those happy countries. Therefore it is well that Mr. Campbell should be heard. A man cannot hear a voice screaming from the pit of Hell without shuddering back from the brink. PADDY RYAN

WORKERS' SCHOLARSHIP IN AMERICA

SIR,—Can we interest your readers in a piece of work designed to promote international, and especially Anglo-American, understanding and good-will, by enabling British women industrial workers to accept two scholarships which have been offered annually, for the last decade, by the Bryn Mawr Summer School of America? The American Committee gives free board, lodging and tuition, whilst the British Committee makes itself responsible for the students' travelling and personal expenses.

The students selected spend seven weeks at the Summer School (usually held at Bryn Mawr College), and have generally been able to extend their stay in the States for three or four further weeks, and hence to see other parts of the country. At the school they work in study groups with women workers drawn from all over the U.S.A., representing varied nationalities and industries. Economics, English and science form the principal studies, but time is also found for dramatics, music, sports, nature-study and —above all—free and frank interchange of knowledge, experience and opinions.

There is no doubt about the benefit derived and given by the scholarship holders in the past. They have had an unforgettable experience in what one of the 1936 scholars called a "real attempt at international living." New interests have been awakened and lasting friendships and contacts formed.

On their return the chief idea of the scholarship holders has been to place their experience at the service of their fellow workers at home. They are also very anxious to invite an American student to a British Summer School this year. The Committee is, however, urgently in need of new subscriptions or donations without which it will be impossible either to accept both the scholarships for 1939 or to invite an American worker over here. Contributions will be most gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, Miss M. L. Simeon, 19 Cavendish Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

VERA ANSTEY, Chairman.
M. LEONORA SIMEON,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer,
Bryn Mawr, Summer School Scholarship, British Committee

LABOUR PARTY EXPULSIONS

SIR,—"Democrat" has pointed out that the underlying reason for the Labour Party expulsions is the struggle between the Trade Union leaders and the representatives of the divisional Labour Parties; and he recommends the affiliation of the Trade Unions locally instead of nationally as a step towards democracy in the Labour Party.

As one who has been asked by the Executive to resign, not for supporting Cripps, but for having suggested that Labour Party policy might be better if it were not dictated by "Transport House," may I make two comments on this?

One is that, in any agitation for making the Party democratic, the most extreme care should be taken to distinguish between the

rank-and-file Trade Unionists, who are and must be the backbone of the Labour Movement, and the "bosses" and paid officials who have become part of a bureaucratic machine which is now indispensable to capitalism. In other words, the struggle is against "Transport House" and in no sense against Trade Unionism or Trade Unionists.

My second point is that local affiliation is not enough. What is needed is the fulfilment of the ideal of the late Arthur Henderson who admitted that if he had had to build the Party again he would, in the light of his experience, have founded it on the basis of individual membership.

As the Constitution stands, every individual member *must*, if he is eligible, be also a member of his Trade Union. This means, in practice, that the Constituency Parties, however strong they become, will always be in the minority, since an increase in their strength becomes, *ipso facto*, an increase in the affiliated vote wielded by the Transport House "bosses."

What is needed is a change in the Constitution to make this clause reciprocal—to legislate that every Trade Unionist who pays his "political levy" must also be an individual member of his local party. If this could be accomplished, the main cause of friction in the Party would disappear.

Poole. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

POPULATION

SIR,—Your correspondent, Martha Kinross, appears to have suitably demolished most of the claims advanced by "Mater Innupta." As, however, the latter has challenged me to substantiate a statement, and is affronted at my disclaimer of the "right" to motherhood on the grounds that I am a man, may I be permitted to say that I did not make the assertion which is the subject of dispute, and that I happen to be a woman? (Incidentally, I do not see that the latter point has any relevance whatever. Why does one have to be a woman to be entitled to say without offence that natural rights have no existence in the highly unnatural lives we are compelled to lead?)

If "Mater Innupta" will re-read my original letter she will find that I did not say that every illegitimate child must inevitably become a burden to the community. It is true I implied that the majority of illegitimate children belong to this category; but this I still believe to be substantially correct, in spite of the argument that every child is a consumer of goods and services, and therefore of benefit to society. On that view criminals, mental defectives, the diseased, and, as "Mater Innupta" has obligingly reminded us, the idle rich, are equally to be cherished. The importance of a child to the community is its value not as a present consumer, but as a potential citizen. Is it so irrational to hold, therefore, that social reform should take the direction not of encouraging fertility for its own sake, or of satisfying the claims of those who are unwilling completely to fulfil their social obligations, but of enabling more children to be born under the conditions which best favour their development into healthy, normal, useful members of society? J. M. HALFORD

1–3 Regent Street, S.W.1.

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin expresses again the sentiments of Keats' sonnet on Chapman's Homer. Few classical students can have failed to become intoxicated by that clean wind from a new ocean, and I don't believe that our Amos Thells have never experienced the scalp-prickle induced by Andromache's parting or Demosthenes' story of how "it was evening when news came that Elataea had fallen." But the spectacle of Amos Thell passing lightly over these hushed silences of literature to settle the hash of some ὅτι is enough to cause an anti-classical revulsion to surge through any boy's heart who has not yet shed his own clouds of glory, still regarding the world as a place of wonder and light. I went to Cambridge hating Porson and Bentley, poor futile fanatics. But constant preoccupation with such works of erudition as they and their kind laboured to produce soon made me realise how indispensable is that mass of apparatus contained in Liddell and Scott and the critical editions, a protective nest in which nestles the precious text like a golden egg. So I came to regard them rather superiorly and to feel gratitude for their enormous reservoir of knowledge upon which men more able to use it and appraise it could draw. Thell's spirit has made it possible for us to meet a nation of men who, as men and as a nation, were greater than we are.

Our spirit ought to make us learn from them. At a time like this when democracy is suspected of pusillanimity by faltering democrats we could do no better than publish to the world the Funeral Oration of Pericles, a proud and unanswerable vindication of democratic institutions delivered two thousand years ago to the citizens of a State which was shortly to be crushed by authoritarian Sparta. It is no pompous claim; Pericles makes the highest claims in the humblest language. Speaking in praise of the dead recently fallen in war, he gives an account of the civic freedom in Athens and contrasts it unfavourably with the Spartan system, where from earliest youth men inure themselves by exercise to hardship and train themselves for war; but "we none the less advance to equal perils," quietly adds Pericles.

Would it not be possible to republish Pericles' magnificent account of democratic aspiration, appending Thucydides' masterly analysis of the reasons why the Athenians ultimately lost, beaten by the plague, by Pericles' death, and by Persian gold? I believe that it could not fail to fire again our jaded democratic zeal with the determination not to allow such a calamity for human kind to be repeated now. HARRY BROADBENT

131 Cambridge Road, Southport.

THE WESTMINSTER SEAT

SIR,—Nationally we are in a most extraordinary position to-day. The very men who have been responsible for a policy of steady retreat in front of aggression are trying to convince the world that they are now developing a policy of resistance to aggression. The policy develops so slowly, and in the course of its development exposes us to so many dangers that one wonders whether these men have all of them succeeded in throwing off, or convinced their friends and potential opponents in Europe that they have succeeded in throwing off, their previous methods and opinions.

It is in these circumstances that we find that by reason of there being several other by-elections pending the Labour Party has decided, quite rightly no doubt from its own point of view, that it cannot contest the Abbey Division of Westminster. If matters were allowed to rest there, a group of men and women, namely, the Abbey Division Conservative Executive Committee, who have consistently opposed the policy which the Government is supposed to have adopted, would have the privilege of nominating a Member of Parliament who would have an unopposed return, and who, for all anybody can know at the moment, might support the policy of standing up to aggression in much the same way as the 400 Conservatives now in the House have supported it since they returned pledged to support it at the last election.

This state of affairs we find intolerable, and we have therefore invited Gabriel Carritt to contest the seat as an independent candidate. Mr. Carritt can show that in his work as Secretary of the L.N.U. Youth Groups he has advocated what is now the universally agreed policy not only when the Government supported it, but during the much longer intervals when the Government deserted it, and in our view, Westminster ought to be represented by men who have been right and not by men who have been wrong.

In order to decide on what scale we can initiate our campaign we need to be assured of our financial position in the next few days, and to this end we invite those who sympathise with our objectives to send such contributions as they can afford to our Treasurer, Mr. A. J. Ayer at c/o Barclay's Bank, Regent Street, S.W.1.

House of Commons, S.W.1. RICHARD ACLAND, Chairman
On behalf the Abbey Division Independent Campaign Committee

THE HERALD-TIMES

SIR,—I feel that not a few of your readers must have been struck, when viewing with gratitude the manner in which newspapers of so many shades of opinion have rallied behind our great Prime Minister during the crises that have beset us of late, by the thought that a great service would be rendered to our dear country if two of them, at first sight so different, the *Times* and the *Daily Herald*, could be amalgamated into one. Each has qualities which the other does not possess; and one newspaper which combined these qualities would be a great strength and comfort to many loyal citizens. The *Times* would be greatly improved by a touch of the go-ahead gaiety, the journalistic effervescence of the *Herald*; whilst the latter would benefit from the solidity and dignity of the older publication. Surely, the *Herald-Times* would be irresistible. Their respective proprietors should get together at once. I am sure that mere difficulties of financial arrangement would not stand in the way.

AMELIA HOPE

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Time spent in reading, working, eating, sleeping, walking, romping and kissing.

SUCH was Elizabeth Raper's account of a week in September, 1758, when she was a girl of about twenty, and it is hard to see how her great-great-great-granddaughter could pass her time better to-day. Elizabeth Raper's Receipt Book, published in 1924, shows that she was a good deal occupied with cookery and household management. In addition she sang vociferously, danced till the small hours, made apple-pie beds for the young men who stayed a night at the house, and when she fell in love with a naval lieutenant, afterwards Lord Howe, began studying Geometry with a view to mastering navigation.

> Attacked Euclid, drawed some of the figures, a little dull about an Angle, not to say a good deal so. Think I shall like the kind of thing, and much more so for a certain reason. Heigho! Ho!

The eighteenth-century girl must have been pretty near perfection. In *The English Miss To-day and Yesterday* (Harrap, 10*s.* 6*d.*) Miss Alicia Percival has written a most interesting book on the changing ideals of what a woman should be and the corresponding changes in education which arose from attempts to produce the desirable type. Miss Raper romped and kissed with great freedom, and she made three different kinds of mincemeat in the eighteenth century, but, as Miss Percival reminds us, Mrs. Bennet was distinctly superior when Charlotte Lucas "was wanted for mince-pies." Cookery and household management were becoming ungenteel occupations to be left to the servants. In 1911 an enquiry into female education contained the words: "A few girls who are backward in intellectual work learn cookery." But with the rise of the manufacturing class and rich bourgeoisie, the decline in education was general. Miss Percival quotes a schoolmistress who remarked archly to a member of the School Inquiry Commission of 1868:

> You gentlemen do not like learned ladies; our great aim is to make the young people attractive to Society.

There were many exceptions. Miss Percival dwells on the case of a brilliantly clever girl, Jane Shore, "as there is a natural tendency to believe all sound education ceased among girls from the days of the Bluestockings to the age of the University woman." I can provide further instances from my own family. One grandmother, Miss Clara Patten, made translations from the Italian which were included in a book published when she was nineteen, while in letters from my grandfather to his sister of nineteen it appears that she was reading Tennyson, George Eliot and the *Morte d'Arthur* in English, Tieck, Hoffmann and Schiller in German, was making verse translations of Uhland and Arndt (whoever they may be), and in Italian:

> Manzoni will probably give you employment for some time after you have finished Leopardi, whose dialogues, I should think, you will find very entertaining. There is therefore nothing pressing but finding you some French prose.

* * *

The taboos had increased extraordinarily in the hundred years that passed since Miss Raper had noted that: "Mr. L. desired to see the great room whither I attended him but found it was more for his sense of feeling than his sense of sight. Kissing being his chief business there." It is not altogether fair to blame "the possessiveness of the Victorian male" for the change. The dread Miss Beale of Cheltenham College was a champion of sex taboos. She had chaperons present in all classes, however large, which were taught by men, and she even took care that the girls should never have the opportunity for holding long conversations with each other. Miss Beale sent for Jane Harrison, when she was at Cheltenham working for the matriculation, and produced a postcard addressed to her by a schoolboy friend. Miss Beale's careful reading of other people's correspondence had been rewarded by finding the dire phrase: *Give my love to the examiners.* "This must go to your parents," she began, and wound up a long harangue with the words:

> You are too young and I hope too innocent to realise the gross vulgarity of such a communication or the terrible results to which it might lead.

I regret that Jane was not the clever girl who wrote up on the blackboard (and was expelled for doing so) the lines:

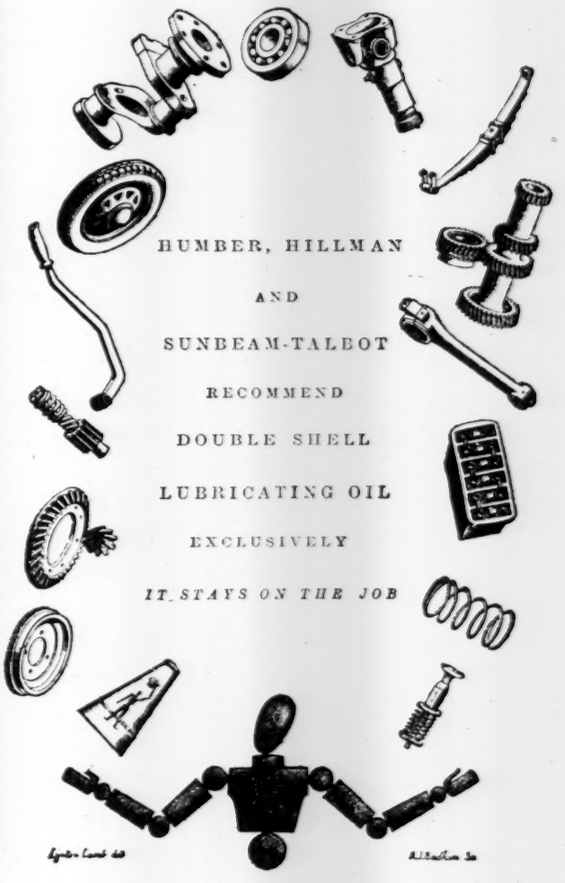
> Miss Buss and Miss Beale, Cupid's darts do not feel.
> How different from us are Miss Beale and Miss Buss!

The girl who wrote that put her finger on what was wrong with the whole trend of women's education which the two dreadful Miss B.s so alarmingly impersonated throughout the Victorian age. Miss Buss was free from the snobbery rampant at Cheltenham and at the North London Collegiate School. "No one asked you where you lived, how much pocket money you had, or what your father was." On the other hand, Miss Buss was addicted to violently emotional scenes with her girls:

> Reproof with Miss Buss became a fine art; she could reduce a girl to tears, either by personal tenderness, or by what we might now consider the unfair method of bringing up home circumstances.

* * *

Miss Percival points out that the passionate loves of Juliet, Perdita, and Miranda are not examples of Italian sexual precocity, but of the ordinary girl's capacity for devotion. The devotion which in a natural society girls feel for their lovers was to be directed into channels more pleasing to the two Miss B.s—a devotion not so much for the Games Mistress and the prefects, who at least are human—but to the horrid abstractions of House, School, and hockey eleven. To lavish adoration on the community to which one belongs by chance is a perfect training for the worship of State and Race, and an inculcation of false values. Games, without encouragement from above, provide quite enough of the team spirit. But games are the one great improvement in girls'



education to-day. For the mismanagement of the body in the Victorian era was infinitely worse than the neglect of the mind. Girls were tortured with instruments such as the back board, to produce correct deportment, they were horribly underfed (and there is still room for better feeding in most schools). They were encouraged to tight lace. A nauseous delicacy about the functions of their bodies left them in a state of misery and ignorance. If the chief advance in woman's education has been physical, the second is the admission of women to universities on the same terms as men. The section of Miss Percival's book which deals with the work of Miss Emily Davies is excellent: she might have said rather more about the influence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sidgwick. There is a most interesting account of the Hitchin experiment, where a body of earnest women students were instructed by peripatetic Cambridge dons. This led to the foundation of Girton. Miss Emily's great aim was to get women admitted to the same examinations, under identically the same conditions as men and to have them subjected to the same curricula, so that they could be judged by exactly the same standards. To achieve the emancipation of women, she appears to have believed that the most effective strategy was to attack only on this extremely narrow front, accepting meanwhile all other limitations of women's freedom. She was, therefore, unsympathetic to anything which might offend the conventional. In my opinion this showed ignorance of how to conduct propaganda, which is very different from the art of political wire-pulling. In practice Miss Davies had to accept conventional Victorian morality, and Girton suffered in consequence. Newnham, under the influence of the greatly loved Miss Clough, was more liberal. A Newnhamite who went up in 1879 with a scholarship at the age of seventeen, and who took first class in Part 2 of the Classical Tripos in 1883, has provided many comments on Miss Percival's book. One of her earliest memories of Newnham is a debate on the desirability of the abolition of the drink traffic, which was carried by a large majority. Miss Clough congratulated the mover of the resolution on her brilliant speech, then, giving a wink, added:

> Now my dears, I shall go and have my glass of whisky and water before going to bed.

Miss Percival has written a most interesting book, but she is a trifle inclined to accept the growth of great schools as an unmixed blessing. It is perhaps characteristic that she writes:

> It would seem Unitarianism made for the growth of the female mind . . .

She has not bothered to look for a reason, or to realise that people sufficiently intellectually awakened not to accept the doctrine of the Trinity were the sort of serious people who would think for themselves on other subjects, and give their daughters good educations. She also says nothing about such schools as Bedales and does not contrast the girl who has been educated with boys with the girl who has been kept with her own sex.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Patriot. By PEARL BUCK. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Village. By MULK RAJ ANAND. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Old Haven. By DAVID CORNEL DE JONG. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Brandons. By ANGELA THIRKELL. *H. Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

As if startled by the award of the Nobel Prize into a realisation that she is living in the world of dynamite makers Miss Pearl Buck has put aside her olde halfe timbered style and has produced a novel of ideas. The Patriot of her title is a young Chinese, and superficially the book is the story of his escape from Chiang Kai Shek's massacre of the Communists in 1926 to Japan, his marriage to a Japanese girl, its breakdown, and his return to China as a supporter of the Marshal. But it is not altogether as simple as that; the household into which the Patriot is born is all China, much of its furnishing and its finance is western, but its servants are slaves and the sickly sweet smell of opium hangs about it. His grandparents are an old war lord and his opium smoking wife, living memorials of the old monarchy, his father is a business man who dreams of an Asia ruled by a financial alliance of China and Japan, and the story of the Patriot's life is the story of the unification of this household. The story of the young man's Communist period is not just a description of an incident in a young man's adolescence, but it is also a very profound study of the character of Chinese Communism which does a good deal to explain the mysteries of its survival in rural China and of its reconciliation with Chiang Kai Shek's totalitarianism. The breakdown of the marriage brings further light on this point, as well as an analysis of the factors which have caused the Chinese to abandon the Pan-Asiatic dream. Wu I Wan's reaction to Japanese life and to the commerce in which his Japanese hosts are engaged is the reaction of a peasant. He turns with repulsion from the idea of a wealthy class whose wealth and security is not the reward of working the soil; and the merchandise which he handles appears to him to be the property of peasants and farmers that has been tricked from them in some way; the nature of his Communism is not such that it can be distinguished from the natural puritanism of peasants. At the same time not all is repulsive in Japanese life. When I Wan returns to China he appreciates its order and its higher level as a civilisation. When Chiang sends him on a mission to the Headquarters of the Communist Army, dirty dishes, lice-infested beds and tortured prisoners drive the lesson home. He realises that his peasant ethos is the enemy of everything that causes civilisation to advance. He realises this when he sees that the Communist soldiers are torturing their Japanese prisoners for the same reason that his grandmother pressed pieces of glowing charcoal to her slave girl's body, because they have made their will the law. He is completely won to the support of Chiang because the weakness of China has been its obsession with family control which creates a pseudo-law based on the enforcement of custom; Chiang will bring China a law based on reason that will protect innovators from those who will take the law into their own hands.

The importance of a law above custom for the development of a civilisation is more directly the theme of Mr. Anand's novel, where it stands free of the immediate political issues of Pearl Buck's. His hero is naked to the sanction of public opinion in a small Sikh village, the third son of the owner of a ten-acre farm. The village is obsessed by its hatreds, for the English, for those whose money does not come from working the land, for the few farmers who are prosperous because they have adopted new methods of working the land. The villagers are tied hand and foot by custom; by their obsolete farming technique to their snowballs of debt, to personal unhappiness through the arranged marriage (a frightening passage describes the dismay of a boy of sixteen when he discovers the village matchmaker with his parents), and to sickness and disease by the open sewers and dung-heaps in the village streets. The hero dreams of well-farmed land, of marriage to a woman of his own choosing, a clean village of healthy people; but he has no protection against custom, and the book is the story of his defeat by those who take the law into their own hands.

In *Old Haven*—an excellent translation of a Dutch novel—it is again this theme round which the story centres, the conflict between the inertia of a peasant community and disruptive civilising agencies. The issues are not simplified as they are in *The Village*, but the community and its individuals are split upon them as they rise in the everyday life of a Dutch village of our own time. There is no demonstration of hostility to nonconformity by a mob, but pinprick after pinprick drives the nonconformist back into line. As the young boy grows up he discovers from his own experience that the village is hostile to the law of the state. His younger brother takes the law into his own hands with the support of the community and gets away with it; his elder brother takes the law into his own hands when away from the village and the law passes over the criminal he attacks to punish him as the more serious offender. He never comes into conflict with the law as his brothers do, but he becomes a soldier and finds himself mocked and insulted by his own people for being in the service of the state. Like Wu I Wan he makes a marriage to a woman of an alien culture whose conduct is infinitely more civilised than anything conceivably to be expected from the women of his own community. The women band together and ostracise her, the younger brother attempts to seduce her, and the strain of the combined assault tears at the nerves of the couple until the basis of their reasonable conduct is shattered. The book is very well done, it abounds with vivid and beautiful passages, and the slow death of the hero's desire to be a creative artist under the steady pressure of his peasant relatives, the reserve of the village when he returns to it in uniform while he is a soldier, and the slow fraying of his wife's nerve as one action

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after another turns out to be a *gaffe*, have all the strength of experience in which one shares.

It should be a relief to come upon a professionally light novel after such heavy stuff, but curiously it is not. *The Brandons* is about nothing but its own simple plot, it is full of gay laughter across trim lawns, jolly picnics, and village fêtes. It is all thoroughly wholesome and not a bit morbid. And yet, and yet . . . . ? What are these gay little jokes about—the unidentified false teeth which might have belonged to any one of several people burnt alive in a charabanc, a badly set leg (ha ha ha) that has to be rebroken, burst boils, pain, and the central terribly funny joke is the irritability of a bedridden old woman who caps the joke by dying. And perhaps it is to the complete absence of ideas behind the book that the characters owe their peculiar nature: a great many of them are referred to as " the children " and they are always coming in breathless from " some horseplay " or having a good wrestle on the lawn, at a picnic they scamper off to a wishing well and leave " the grown ups " to clear up the tea things, and behind these " grown up " backs they are continually grimacing and putting out their tongues at each other. After one discovers that these young persons are twenty-five to twenty-three years old one is less surprised to find young men of nineteen and eighteen who behave like youngish twelves. But nothing can take the edge off the grown ups (the phrase here means people over forty and has no reference to maturity) and the charm of Mrs. Brandon who is Little Weena from the *Time Machine* to the life.

One returns to the other novels with pleasure, how much more amusing Mr. De Jong's characters are because the jokes are sensitive and the result of observation of the real world. Tjerk playing hide and seek with the plump mother and father of his fiancée in a garden specially planted for hide-and-seek is a great deal more attractive than Mrs. Brandon being cruel to a clergyman in her thought-annihilating garden. And how much more satisfactory is the savage satire of the visit by the English District Officer to the Sikh village than the hateless, teasing cruelty of the joke about the man who died of burns before he could say if the false teeth were his. But perhaps it is unfair to compare Mrs. Thirkell's chatty little phantoms with the life-sized figures created by Mr. Anand and Mr. De Jong.

ANTHONY WEST

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OVER THERE

My Years in Germany. By MARTHA DODD. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Reaching for the Stars. By NORA WALN. *Cresset Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is Germany. By C. W. DOMVILLE-FIFE. *Seeley Service.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The collision of the American woman and Nazi Germany provides an imposing spectacle. The Nazi, on the whole, gets the worst of it, partly, one is made to feel, because German civilisation is aggressively a male one. Like Pentheus, Hitler needs a sharp lesson, and Martha Dodd, anyway, is going to see that he gets it, along with the larger part of the Corps Diplomatique, the press, the high life of Berlin, foreign visitors and in general anybody with whom she came in contact during the years her father was Ambassador. The result, naturally, is an enjoyable book. Fierce, naive, tactless almost beyond belief, honest, sensible, Martha Dodd extends the intellectual orbit of Chicago and Virginia to the Tiergartenstrasse. Her father, who appears as an entirely sympathetic character, was not a professional diplomat; and the four Dodds seem to have arrived in Europe like any pleasant handy family out of a film comedy, with one eye on the Duchess's fish fork and plenty of spare time for tacking down the lino on the Embassy stairs. Rather self-consciously they act the part of the simple, honest democrat abroad; and it is significant that the incident which finally turned Miss Dodd away from a luke-warm Fascism is not the brutalising of a Nuremberg girl who had been with a Jew, but the rebuke of a prominent Nazi when she put the Horst Wessel song on the victrola at an informal Embassy party.

She moved, naturally, among the most absorbing personalities of the early Nazi period; and has plenty to say about them in an easy gossiping style. " Goering," we learn, " looks podgy and ridiculous from afar but close up he is more than that." And there are vivid pictures of members of the Press Corps which are calculated to impart a pleasure of their own.

To have a heart in the right place and to write vivid ungrammatical English is all very well; but Miss Dodd goes on to pepper her book with sloppy misstatements. There can be no excuse for writing, " Sir Neville (*sic*) Henderson was a man of about forty-five, I should judge, who had had some diplomatic experience of South America but who apparently knew nothing of modern Europe." Like too many Left-wing writers whose sentiments are unimpeachable, she writes uncritically out of her emotions. Let her remember that nothing does more damage to a good cause, nothing is more exasperating to a reader anxious to be pleased, than the tolerant smile which cannot be repressed. It is easy to recall other books written, like this one, in passion and in hope, which have been vitiated by an assumption that the people, in exchange for an ounce of Socialist orthodoxy, will tolerate any amount of bad English, inaccuracy of fact, and personal bias.

Mrs. Waln's book, though it cannot be taken as a model of good writing, is a more revealing work. She is in the traditional line of American travellers; earnestly pursuing local customs, warm-hearted, religious towards the picturesque, the ancient, and the typical. Her book is *Penelope's Experiences* brought up to date, and from one fact alone deserves a wide popularity: she is really objective. She is also an optimist, whose faith is expressed in the closing chapter. " Much in Germany has already gone, but brave men and women there hold up the edifice of civilisation, and their support is an educated populace, a populace waking to realisation of the danger." In other words, she looks to a restoration of the true (as she sees it) Goethean Germany by the eventual will of the German people. In the meantime her objectivity refuses to allow her hatred of Nazi practices to prejudice her relations with German friends; and the matter of the book is simply an account of how she applied a personality coloured by a Quaker background and thirteen years of life in China, to the making and keeping of friendships all over Germany.

Unfortunately Mrs. Waln left Germany for good in April, 1938, so that many of her judgments are invalidated by the subsequent course of events. The main impression, therefore, left by her book is a depressing one. What is the good, one asks, of belonging to " an educated populace " if no check from within can be applied to an arbitrary Government? Mr. Domville-Fife has the answer. Since the Nazi Government embodies the highest aspirations of the nation there can be no clash. A German can be simultaneously heroic and pacifist, kindly and a Jew-baiter,

imperial-minded and Anglophil. He belongs to a military race and is proud of the fact. But this

> is no more an indication of a desire for war than the hoisting of the glorious White Ensign by ships of the Royal Yacht Squadron is a sign that their owners are in a continuous fret to convert their . . . pleasure craft into . . . warships. . . . It is only the natural pride of a nation in its achievements. The pride of a man in being *a man*, of possessing a uniform that is respected the world over, because it signifies that its wearer is no mere self-seeking weakling but is ready at any moment of every day or night to make the great sacrifice for the country of his birth.

There follow lucid descriptions of Nazi institutions, and a certain amount of guide-book information, such as that the Cathedral of Salzburg contains fifty-seven bells. Mr. Domville-Fife is not a very subtle apologist, and his presentation of fact is too sketchy to be interesting. The Right, it would appear, has as much to learn as the Left in presenting a case. Lord Queenborough, at seventy-eight, contributes a preface which does not exhibit the wisdom generally associated with age. ALAN PRYCE-JONES

PIRENNE'S HISTORY OF EUROPE

A History of Europe from the Invasions to the Sixteenth Century. By HENRI PIRENNE. *Allen and Unwin.* 21s.

In 1916 Henri Pirenne was arrested by the Germans and sent to the officers' camp at Crefeld, in the hope of intimidating the professors of the University of Ghent into resuming their lectures during the alien occupation of Belgium. The attempt was unsuccessful. The University refused to reopen and Pirenne was transferred to the camp at Holzminden, where he immediately began to lecture to huge audiences on economic history and on the history of Belgium. It was here that there first came into his mind the plan of writing a general history of Europe. In August, however, he was transferred to Jena, and in the following January, on the ground that he was "very dangerous," he was removed to the little town of Kreutzburg in Thuringia, where he was to remain for the duration of the war. Here, in isolation, anxiety, and sorrow, he set to work to write the history of Europe planned at Holzminden. He had no books at his disposal other than a little German textbook used in the local school; he wrote in small school exercise books, with blanks for the dates which he could not remember, and he had got to the middle of the sixteenth century when the Armistice was declared. Although he wrote many other books, he never found time to complete or to revise the work of his captivity, and it is now published by his son almost exactly as he left it.

It is necessary to explain the conditions under which the history of Europe was composed, because, while they account for a few inaccuracies, they account also for its pre-eminent merits. Pirenne was a man of genius, an original and stimulating mind such as too rarely devotes itself to the study of history, and when he began to write there lay behind him thirty-five years of research. As his son truly says, this book is "the synthesis of all he knew, ripened in meditation." The very absence of notes and references obliged him to keep to the main movements and the great forces and banished in advance the mass of unimportant detail which makes so many outlines unreadable. The perspective of the book is almost faultless and the synthesis of social, economic, cultural and political history is carried out with masterly ease. It is of small moment that there are inevitably sections which he would, had he lived to revise them, have brought more closely into line with recent research (as, for example, his account of the relation between Wicliffe and Huss and his exaggerated picture of the enclosure movement in sixteenth-century England); it is the balance of the book, its lucidity and its bold and penetrating judgments which cause it to stand out head and shoulders above all other outlines on the same scale known to the reviewer.

One reads with absorbed interest from beginning to end, and it is difficult to pick out any part for particular commendation. No doubt the most brilliant sections are those dealing with subjects in the treatment of which Pirenne had no equal among European historians, economic and social evolution and, above all, the rise of the bourgeoisie. But observe also what freshness he contrives to give to his account of the Renaissance, a phenomenon described *ad nauseam* by every textbook writer. How interesting it is, too, in view of the circumstances in which Pirenne wrote and of those in which we read, to follow what he has to say about the Germans and in particular about that *Drang nach Osten* of German colonisation, which was one of the great movements of medieval history and has bequeathed to our own day one of its major problems. The rise of the population and the commercial revival in Western Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries led to a steady movement of eastward colonisation by the Germans at the expense of the Slav peoples. The newcomers founded cities which were "like foreign islands in the midst of the native population," whose economy was purely agricultural, and a period of superficial Germanisation set in which continued until the middle of the fourteenth century. "Then," says Pirenne, summarising his lucid chapter on "The Empire, the Slav States and Hungary":

> A reaction began to make itself felt, of which, almost simultaneously, Charles IV in Bohemia, Casimir I in Poland and Lewis I in Hungary were the instruments. The German penetration ceased and in all three countries there was a sudden awakening of national energy. This was manifested, under very different forms, by the explosive outbreak of Hussitism in Bohemia, the conquest of Prussia by Poland and Hungary's advance across the Adriatic. It seemed as though the moment had come for the Western Slavs and the Hungarians to play an active part in European civilisation. But the Turks were advancing across the Balkan peninsula and the Slavs and Hungarians had to meet the thrust, turning back to the East in order to defend the civilisation of the West instead of beginning to collaborate with it.

This is the background to the tragic imbroglio of our own time. What Czechs feel about Germans must be read in the light of that powerful national sentiment which causes Pirenne to compare the mentality of the Hussites with that of the French revolutionists: "Both peoples were fighting against the foreigner in defence of their ideal and in each case the national sentiment was sublimated by the conviction that supported and inspired it." What Lithuanians feel about Germans must be read in the light of the war of extermination waged by the brutal Teutonic Knights against their forefathers:

> The Order organised veritable man-hunts in its persecution of this people. The fame of these hunts had spread throughout the Empire, and the princes and seigneurs of the West assembled, as people now assemble at the Olympic Games, to take part in these expeditions, which were organised every winter, when the ice had rendered the marshes of the country practicable.

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And the Germans themselves? Pirenne traces the process by which serfdom steadily declined in Western Europe during the later Middle Ages, while "the most striking feature of German life was the regression of the people into servitude." West of the Elbe this meant only an increase in the burdens of the peasantry, but east of it the once free colonists of the thirteenth century were systematically deprived of their lands and reduced to the lowest form of personal bondage, especially from the sixteenth century, when the *Junkers* managed their great corn-exporting farms with what was little better than slave labour. "The negro in the New World and the German peasant in the Old World were the most typical victims of modern capitalism, and they both had to wait until the nineteenth century for their enfranchisement. This is a fact which must never be forgotten when considering the modern history of Germany and Austria." In his *Souvenirs de Captivité* Pirenne expresses more plainly the idea that was in his mind:

> The more I learned of Germany the more obvious it seemed to me that her discipline, her spirit of obedience, her militarism, and her lack of political ability and understanding, were largely explained by the renaissance of serfdom that occurred in the sixteenth century. In these respects there is a profound and radical difference between Germany and the Occidental countries. But for the almost universal serfdom of the rural populations to the East of the Elbe, could Lutheranism ever have spread as it did, and could the organisation of the Prussian State have been conceivable?

Or, one might add even more cogently, the organisation of the Nazi State?

Enough has been said to show the interest of the book. The translation by Mr. Bernard Miall is for the most part excellent and preserves all the verve of the original; occasionally, in the economic sections, he shows a certain unfamiliarity with the English forms of technical terms; "contract of recommendation" is a clumsy way of alluding to what all English writers call "commendation." The excellence of the translation is not, however, matched by the index, which is so inadequate as to be useless to serious students and should not be allowed to reappear in a second edition without drastic expansion and revision. Finally, a serious remonstrance must be addressed to the publishers upon the exorbitant price at which the book is published. Here we have incomparably the best textbook on medieval European history in the language, a book which every teacher of the subject must desire to put into the hands of students and which would certainly, at a reasonable price, have had a large sale in universities; and it is published at a price which puts it entirely beyond the reach of students and indeed of the great majority of general readers. It is a book to be owned, not to be read in a library; but few students can own and use as a text a book which costs more than 7*s.* 6*d.* or 8*s.* 6*d.* It is much to be hoped that a cheaper edition will be published as soon as possible; until then the circulation of this admirable work will be confined to the libraries and the well-to-do and a large and steady market will remain untapped.

EILEEN POWER

SOME GERMAN CLASSICS

Die Schönsten Erzählungen Deutscher Romantiker.
Flucht in die Finsternis. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.
Die Schönsten Erzählungen. By THOMAS MANN.
Briefe Deutscher Musiker. *Secker and Warburg.* 3*s.* 6*d.* per volume.

These volumes form part of an admirable attempt, on the part of exiled German men of letters, to provide representative examples of German literature, ancient and modern, in the original language. Some of the volumes could be published in Germany to-day, others not; the series is in no sense mere "exiles' literature." The books are paper-bound, pleasant in format, well printed, on good paper; their low price should find them a pretty wide public.

Apart from poetry, the short story is a literary form in which the Germans have always excelled. Their novels are nearly always too long, whereas the necessity of compression has had the effect of reducing the poetical quality of their imagination to a fine essence, while at the same time disciplining their prose. The short story flowered to such an extent in Germany, during the romantic period, that almost any anthology would be acceptable; the present one is good, but I feel it might have been better. Everyone must be grateful for Tieck's exquisite masterpiece, *Der blonde Eckbert*, for Brentano's *Geschichte vom braven Kasperl*, for Jean Paul's *Traum im Traum*, and for the stories by Eichendorff and Mörike, which imposed themselves of necessity. But it seems almost incredible that the editors should have omitted Kleist altogether, not to speak of Fouqué's *Undine*; and I cannot help thinking that it would have been better, even at the cost of being less representative, to have omitted the rather dull examples from Schlegel, Wackenroder and Novalis, in favour of what is surely one of the most magnificent stories ever written—Schiller's *Der Geisterseher*. And what about Büchner's *Lenz*?

In modern times, Schnitzler and Thomas Mann are generally acknowledged masters of the genre, and this time I have no fault to find with the selection, which must in any case have been an easier job. Schnitzler's *Spiel im Morgengrauen*, *Traumnovelle*, and *Flucht in die Finsternis*, indeed form an independent whole; perhaps the most authentic evocation of pre-war Vienna, these stories combine in a masterly fashion that temporary psychological node, which it is the business of such stories to seize and render, with those overtones of mystery that are so essentially a part of the Teutonic *Weltanschauung*. The urbane style, with its avoidance of stridency, reminds one that this author was one of the last representatives of a vanished civilisation, in which North and South found a beautiful, if precarious, resolution.

Thomas Mann is represented, even more inevitably, by *Tonio Kröger*, *Der Tod in Venedig*, *Unordnung and frühes Leid*, and *Mario und der Zauberer*. Admirable as these stories undoubtedly are, it is difficult (except in the case of *Tod in Venedig*) not to feel that the poignancy and charm of the material is a good deal offset by the style, which is old-fashioned, musty—bourgeois in the extreme. This justly famous and unjustly persecuted writer has a noble view of life and the kind of insight into human behaviour which classes him with the great novelists of the last century, rather than with those of this; and he can write about childhood and adolescence and the regrets they arouse in ageing people, with a memorable beauty. But these qualities do not prevent one from feeling that the furniture of his mind is, in the last analysis, commonplace; and such a feeling is fatal to the highest kind of enjoyment.

The last of the volumes here under review was a very good idea. The editor is that admirable musicologist, Alfred Einstein, who

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LIBERALISM UNABASHED

The Totalitarian State Against Man. By COUNT RICHARD N. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI. *Secker and Warburg.* 7s. 6d.

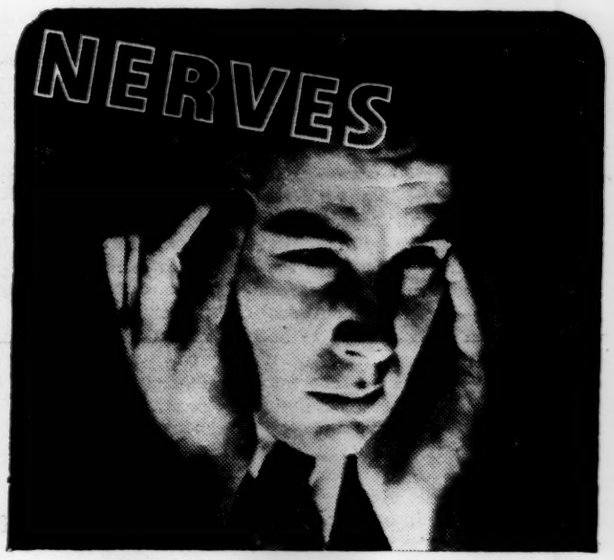
To read the panegyrics which have been showered upon this book by the English press is a melancholy experience, melancholy not because the book is bad, but because they serve to measure the extent of the eclipse of Liberalism. Here is a book which is little more than a set of variations upon the theme that the State was made for man, not man for the State. It tells us in short what we have always known; yet Mr. Duff Cooper receives it as "the message . . . which the world is longing for," while Mr. Harold Nicolson regards it as "one of the most encouraging books written in recent years." I offer as a definition of a madhouse, a place in which all the platitudes have become paradoxes. In terms of this definition our world is mad indeed.

The book consists in effect of a series of affirmations apocalyptically announced. Its method, in short, is that of revelation. The fact that one happens to subscribe to the truths revealed should not blind one to the author's omission to give reasons for believing in them; he presumably takes them to be self-evident. Three decades ago, most people would have been prepared to accept them as such; to-day they are not only not self-evident, but widely rejected. The Fascists also announce: their literature is still in what one might call the "Thus saith the Lord" stage, and though I am afraid that Count Coudenhove-Kalergi may not be pleased, I cannot refrain from pointing out that though his conclusions are more reasonable than those of the Fascists, reason seems to have played little part in reaching them. I suppose he might reply that the heart has its reasons of which the head knows nothing, but this is dangerous ground for a liberal and a democrat.

What is the substance of his revelation? First, there is a set of ethical principles. The highest duty of man is self-development conceived in spiritual terms. The Western world being incurably materialistic, its standards of value are conceived in terms of power and possessions. These standards are erroneous, for man's life here is only a physical interlude between two phases of spiritual being. His real home is elsewhere and "it is therefore senseless to chase after power, fame, enjoyment and wealth instead of after perfection and a purification of the soul." At this point the argument passes from ethics to politics. Material things divide; if A has wealth, B *ipso facto* cannot have it; if A rules, B must be subject to his rule. But spiritual things are neither divisible nor divisive, and may be enjoyed by an unlimited number of persons without deprivation to any. Now all men and women are children of the same God; therefore they should live together in unity and peace. Yet this they can only do when they set their hearts on spiritual rather than on material goods. For what, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi quotes, "is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

What, then, is the State? Merely a device for enabling human beings to live the spiritual life, not directly, but indirectly by setting up those conditions in which the living of the spiritual life is alone possible. The State, then, is not a machine, an organism, an entity, a personality, or a collective being; it is, to quote from Mr. Wickham Steed's Introduction, "an insurance company raised to the rank of an idol by its beneficiaries." "We would fight against this idolatry," the Count affirms, "but not against the insurance company; not against the State, but against the deification of the State, the most fatal heresy of our age." A human being, then, is not a drop in an ocean of racial purity, or a cell in a political organism, or a termite in a proletarian ant-heap, or a cog in an administrative machine; he is an end in himself, possessing the rights of a free man, that is of a man who "lives in accordance with the law of his own soul instead of the laws of other men's souls."

A State, whose business is not so much to promote the good life as a ruler or a party sees it, but to provide the minimum conditions in which the good life is possible for its members as



"In the present state of medical knowledge . ."

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M & C

they see it, which is, in other words, to guard the background rather than to fill the foreground of the individual's existence, will be a liberal democratic State, conceived on the Swiss or the English model.

While the Count attacks Fascism, he reserves his severest strictures for Soviet Russia. In a chapter entitled "The Death of an Illusion," he paints one of the gloomiest pictures of conditions in Soviet Russia that I have seen, ending with the sinister remark, "The moral are even worse than the material conditions of life." His hope of avoiding catastrophe relies upon the creation of an inter-State federal union. Thus he stresses the historical development from the family to the commune, from the commune to the canton, from the canton to the State, sees as man's next advance the enlargement of the State into the continent, described as a federated union of States, and looks ultimately to a further enlargement from the continent to humanity as a whole, which is a union of continents. It is a praiseworthy conception, and the Count's proposals have much in common with those of Mr. Streit, whose book was recently reviewed in these columns. Nevertheless his book suffers, I think, from a certain vagueness. "A return to freedom does not mean a return to parliamentaryism, but to the rights of man and to the control of Governments." There are too many announcements of a similar type, too nebulous in outline, too imprecise in content, to do more than arouse a vague sense of approval in the reader. It may be that I do the Count an injustice; if his constructive proposals are indefinite, the defect may perhaps be due to the fact that his belief in liberty means that he thinks that all legislation can do is to give the individual scope to develop the best that is in him.

It is, I am afraid, difficult to avoid concluding that the Count's fulsome compliments to England are at least in part responsible for the lavish praises which English writers have bestowed upon his book. "English freedom," he writes, "was created by gentlemen and for gentlemen, and for this reason it is immune from the dangers of dictatorship and State totalitarianism." Well, well! One blushes, even while one doubts. C. E. M. JOAD

WHO HASN'T FAILED?

The Good Pagan's Failure. By ROSALIND MURRAY. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Miss Murray looks at the present condition of man, and decides that the philosophy of the Good Pagan has proved a failure in practice, owing to scepticism about God and the substitution of human for divine values. The Good Pagan may begin by asking her when and where he has been enabled to apply his beliefs. Government by Gilbert Murrays and Lowes Dickinsons has not yet been attempted. On the other hand, the devout Catholics, whose beliefs Miss Murray shares, have had many opportunities to remould states nearer to their heart's desire. But we doubt if, even to Miss Murray, post-Reformation Spain presents a very edifying spectacle; and the Papal States, right down to 1870, were notorious for crime, misery, and bad government. Miss Murray holds up the twelfth century Europe of St. Bernard to our admiration, and believes that since the Renaissance Europe has grown worse and worse, become more and more godless. But if some time-machine could transport her for a month into the brutal realities of twelfth century life, we suspect she would find it, outside a nunnery, utterly intolerable. There is indeed no evidence that in the "Age of Faith" men were less wicked than they are to-day. But, Miss Murray answers, they were happier. (It is noticeable throughout her book that she uses happiness as a criterion, no doubt because she is addressing Pagans. The word "truth" hardly occurs.) The suicide-rate, she points out, has continually risen, and in England and Wales to-day there is a successful suicide every hour and a half. Is it permissible to point out that in Catholic countries, where the suicide-rate is lower, the murder-rate is correspondingly higher? Suicide, in Catholic eyes, is less heinous a sin than murder, but to unregenerate eyes it must seem more anti-social to kill other people than to kill oneself.

With much of Miss Murray's indictment of modern Europe, the Good Pagan will agree. It is true that something immaterial has been lost, that St. Bernard is a more proper focus for enthusiasm than Miss Mary Pickford. But this decadence is hardly less conspicuous in the Catholic Church than outside it. The modern saints, Bernadette and Thérèse de Lisieux have the same relation to Catharine of Genoa and Teresa of Avila as the plaster images in the *bondieuserie* shops to the statues of Chartres and Rheims.

Miss Murray calls her Catholicism totalitarian, and enjoys emphasising the differences between the Christian and the rationalist ethics.

> It is wrong that people should live under slum conditions because it implies injustice and avarice on the part of the rich; it is the sin of the rich, not the hardship of the poor, that is the most serious element in the situation; if the same conditions and the same hardships occurred from natural causes the harm involved would have been negligible.

In practice, fortunately, this view has not prevailed over the instructions of the Gospel, and the Church has been active in alleviating the "negligible harm" due to such natural causes as famine and disease.

Miss Murray fully acknowledges the virtues of the Good Pagan, but declares that they are essentially aristocratic and incommunicable to the mass of men. But are not the virtues of the Good Christian open to the same objection? The nobility and the happiness of the great Catholic mystics have not proved any more infectious than the virtues of the great philosophers.

Miss Murray allows herself a cheap gibe at Mr. Aldous Huxley for supposing that mystical experience can be enjoyed without belief in a personal God. Has she never considered Buddhism? She is unreasonable also in attacking the Pagan for his proper wish to spread the values he believes to be important. Finally we are amazed when she suddenly attributes to Pagans the assumption that purely animal well-being can completely satisfy man. Ten minutes with one of her father's works should induce her to withdraw so silly a misstatement, which indeed is contradicted by other passages in her book. But her book on the whole is a careful statement of a position. It is unlikely to convert the unconverted: indeed, we fancy that a general return to nominal Catholicism could result only from a return to the pre-industrial civilisation in which it flourished. That this was in many ways superior to our present way of life no sensible person would deny. But its virtues were not confined to Catholic or even Christian countries. And even in the most Catholic countries its vices were no less appalling than those of the modern world. ROGER MARVELL

The Stuart Papers at Windsor. With Introduction and Notes by ALISTAIR and HENRIETTA TAYLER. *Murray.* 12s. 6d.

Romance is not always a matter of the flashing sword; it may emerge from the plain domestic transactions of other days. It is all the more to be regretted therefore that Miss Tayler was deprived by the death of her brother of the humour that has hitherto illuminated their work. From her selection of Stuart letters the compiler has excluded the minutiae of history made up of what she calls "Wholly uninteresting bills, stable and kitchen accounts—even menus." As it stands, this is a volume almost aggressively labelled for scholars only, whereas had a less rigid adherence to the major issues of Jacobite politics and intrigue been maintained the book would have been translated from a dignified statue into smiling reality. Nevertheless all those interested in the Stuart period must be grateful that at last a portion of this practically unexplored mass of papers has been made available to the general public. It can hardly be Miss Tayler's fault that King James' parental advice to Charles Edward and the tortuous politics and hatreds of the exiled court lack the vitality of a Halifax, or the malicious wit of a Horace Walpole. The chief attraction of these letters lies in the fresh perspective they open on history. They bring out notably the pathetic failure of the Jacobites to recognise the '45 as the final defeat of their hopes. Incidentally it is interesting to the modern reader to discover the almost incredible time it took for James to learn of his son's escape from Scotland.

The selective task of the compilers has clearly been a difficult one. From the mass of papers at their disposal one wishes that they had seen their way to throw brighter light on Charles Edward's life after the '45 and to give us more of those intimate flashes such as the advice proffered to Sir Thomas Sheridan by his doctor, "For as young folks should gradually come from children's food to such as men use, so should every bodie at our age return gradually to feed oftener and on less and lighter foods than formerly, but with this difference that the young may exceed in the quantity with less danger than we, because their Tubes are always increasing in their dimensions and ours are always decreasing even many of them cease to be tubes and become impermeable solids and the more so as our years increase and we stop you up by undigested food. . . . If you will give credit to me, you should go on resolutely with yr diet, even to be uneasy from hunger at the end of yr greatest meal, for I am afraid yr dinner is not low enough when you are drowsy after it. . . ."

It is letters like this that bring the past vividly to life.

[We regret that in our review of Miss Rosita Forbes' *India of the Princes* we mentioned that the book was being sold for the benefit of the Y.M.C.A. This should have been the Y.W.C.A.]

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PALACE.	**Under Your Hat.**	Wed., Sat.
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SADLER'S WELLS.	**Opera & Ballet.**	Sat.
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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

NOTHING has been more disastrous to the art of poetry than the fact that we no longer speak it or hear it, but only inaudibly read it. The delightful domestic habit of reading aloud is stone dead, killed by the wireless, the decay of family life, the increase of self-consciousness, the decline of culture, what you will; killed anyhow. And the stage, which ought to be the guardian of good speaking, has since the war abdicated its function. Shakespeare's verse is still commonly spoken as if it were prose; there are scarcely half a dozen actors in London who can convey the sense without destroying the music of his lines. One of the most notable of this little group is Edith Evans; she always makes her dramatic effects *with* the verse, never *against* it. I am particularly pleased therefore to welcome a Columbia album of six ten-inch records, an anthology of English poetry spoken by her; there is, I am sure, a great future for spoken poetry on the wireless and the gramophone, and this album is a worthy pioneer. The best things in it are strangely and hauntingly beautiful: Shakespeare's *Fear No More the Heat of the Sun* and three of his sonnets, Blake's *Tiger*, Wordsworth's *Westminster Bridge* and, above all, Keats's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, which suits Miss Evans to perfection. It is a pity that so little seventeenth and eighteenth century verse was included—there is nothing at all between Herrick and Blake; and the selection of the moderns is questionable, for not much of what has been chosen bears repetition, and there is a dreadful piece by Noyes called *The Elfin Artist* and not a line of Yeats or Bridges. It must be confessed also that the records are not technically flawless: sibilants are often missing, and there is a certain amount of that peculiar studio phenomenon known as "pre-echo." Much more irritating than this, however, is the fact that, when several poems are read on one side, they are separated from each other by a ridge which the needle cannot pass without assistance. Consequently one always has to be popping out of one's chair to put things right, and with some of the poems lasting less than half a minute this becomes quite exasperating. In any case the gramophone is best suited to longer passages; I should like to hear Robert Harris or John Gielgud read one of the great Miltonic paragraphs or join Miss Evans in a scene from a Shakespeare or a Congreve comedy.

The most brilliant orchestral issue of the month is Stravinsky's *Petrushka*, played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Stokowski, and recorded on four H.M.V. records. The composer and Koussevitsky have both conducted records of the concert suite, but this is the first complete version of the ballet music since an early set by Albert Coates. The playing of the Philadelphians is sensational in its attack, discipline and general virtuosity; those who know the music only from the anaemic performances which have accompanied recent London productions of the ballet will be amazed at its brilliance and vitality. Fine though our London orchestras are, none of them could challenge Stokowski's men on this ground: the brass and wood-wind playing (especially the richly coloured flute) is incomparable. Full justice is done to Stravinsky's masterpiece, and the American recording takes, at last, a great leap forward into clarity and truth of tone, though the bass remains a little weak. There are two Mozart recordings. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in an inimitable performance of the "*Linz*" *Symphony* (*K.* 425) *in C major* (3½ Columbia records); it is a work which did not deserve its former neglect, though I think Tovey goes too far in ranking it "with the supreme last triad of symphonies, the great concertos, and the great quartets and quintets, as one of Mozart's most perfect instrumental works." There is in the first movement a little too much tonic-dominant trumpeting-and-drumming for my taste; and, charming though the *Adagio* is, it does not go so deep as the slow movement of the "*Jupiter*." The finest movement is the finale, a marvellous exhibition of resourcefulness and high spirits. The popular *D major Violin Concerto* (*K.* 218) is played by Kreisler and an orchestra conducted by Sargent on three H.M.V.s. This work has all the lithe grace and wit of the nineteen-year-old Mozart, and is nearly as good as its companion in A major (K. 219); only the rag-bag finale is disappointing. Kreisler is here on one of his best days, all golden tone and delicate, impulsive phrasing; but I do not care for his double-stopping cadenzas—one to each movement. I cannot profess a great enthusiasm for Dr. Weingartner's new recording, on two Columbias, of Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* with the London Philharmonic; though the proportions are always just, there is a lack of warmth in the handling of detail, and one does not feel that the work is played, as it must be, *con amore*; for one thing, the tempo is on the brisk side. The *Siegfried Idyll*, a miracle of formal originality and unity, is also one of the most tender and intimate slow movements in music, and most people will find the H.M.V. version by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic more evocative of its poetry than the new records. Walter with the L.S.O. makes an excellent H.M.V. record of Johann Strauss's *Zigeunerbaron* Overture, and another pleasant example of German operetta is the overture to Suppé's *Schöne Galatea* by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Reichwein (Parlophone).

Beethoven's Opus 9 string trios, written in 1797, were the first works which revealed the originality and power of his genius. It is a great mistake to regard them as mere interesting precursors of the Op. 18 quartets, for they are masterpieces in their own right. Last year I praised a set of the *C minor Trio*, No. 3, issued by Columbia, and the same company has now added the *G major*, No. 1, to its list in a vigorous performance by the Pasquier Trio (three records). The tone of the strings sometimes sounds a little sour, but that is probably due to recording. As for the music, if you wish to be convinced of its beauty try the first movement; there is nothing feeble in the whole work except a few passages in the slow movement. Walter Gieseking adds to his brilliant series of modern French music a record of Ravel's *Alborada del Gracioso* on a single small Columbia. The music is less tenuous than much of Ravel, and I strongly recommend this record to amateurs of the piano; by the way, the "Alborada" of the title is the same as "Aubade" and "Grazioso" means something like a "poet-wit." Eileen Joyce (Parlophone) plays Schubert: an unfamiliar *Andante in A major* written in his seventeenth year and already full of his unique sweetness and pathos, and the *E flat Impromptu*, in which this excellent pianist ripples along more evenly than Fischer in his recent complete set.

Two records from Strauss's latest opera, *Daphne*, appear from His Master's Voice; the performers are those of the original production last November, namely Teschemacher, Ralf and the Dresden Orchestra under Böhm. The mixture is precisely as before: sumptuous, streaming orchestral climaxes, sudden plunges into remote common chords, long, soaring phrases in high *tessitura* for the soprano. There seems no reason why it should ever stop, and it is always perfectly pleasant to listen to so

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long as you disregard the absence of any real thematic ideas underneath the aural magnificence. The Straussian mayonnaise is mixed as cunningly as ever, but the salmon is almost non-existent.

Lina Pagliughi records for Parlophone Mozart's *Deh vieni non tardar* and *Batti, batti :* the latter is the better performance of the two, free from the excessively slow tempo adopted by German artists, but in the *Figaro* air she is altogether too cool, for here Susanna is being deliberately sentimental. Elisabeth Schumann (H.M.V.) makes an interesting record of a Wagner *Wiegenlied* which the well-informed E.M.G. bulletin declares to date from 1840, a nice, rather Straussian affair, coupled with Liszt's setting of Victor Hugo's *O quand je dors* which she drags a little towards the end. A Parlophone revival of exceptional interest brings us the Polish singer, Salomea Krusceniski (or Kruselnicka) in arias from Boito's *Mefistofele* and Cilea's *Adriana Lecouvreur*. She was a discovery of Battistini's, and the record shows that she possessed a soprano voice of considerable beauty and unusual timbre which she used with a subtlety uncommon in singers of the Italian school; though her technique is not flawless, this is a very beautiful record. Sound Handel singing is provided by Webster Booth (" Comfort Ye " and " Every Valley " : H.M.V.) and Oscar Natzke (" Honour and Arms " : Parlophone). The Chorus of the Berlin State Opera make a very curious Parlophone disc. One side is occupied by three " *Folk Songs,*" settings by Mendelssohn of words by Heine, surely quite the wrong sort of culture for the Third Reich. The reverse contains an incredible composition by Schumann called *Zigeunerleben ;* in the most respectable four-part harmony the chorus hymn the wild joys of a vagrant life, while every now and again the piano makes a genteel attempt at a gypsy dance accompanied by triangle and tambourine ! The abandon is deliciously cosy and refined, and altogether I can see that this is going to become one of my favourite joke records. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 476

Set by L. W. Bailey

The usual prizes of two guineas and half a guinea are offered for extracts of not more than 300 words from an imaginary proletarian novel or short story. It should be remembered that " Proletarian Literature " is often written by people with little knowledge of the class they describe.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 21st.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 474

Set by F. F. Widdas

The competitor is invited to let himself go (but not at greater length than 150 words on each) on what he considers (*a*) the most overrated, (*b*) the most underrated literary reputation. The usual prizes are offered.

Report by V.

This excellent competition was suggested by a reader who is in Africa and therefore cannot make the report. Having been entrusted with judging it, I must be specially careful to consider only literary merit, discounting anyone's prejudices. Although I was shocked, for instance, by the statement in one entry that Dr. Johnson was overrated and *Rasselas* unreadable, this in itself would not have disqualified it. When one talks of a writer being overrated, presumably one means overrated by the sort of person whose judgment one respects. For obviously the great mass of the public absurdly overrates a number of ephemeral books, and neglects the great masterpieces. If I had entered the competition, I might have chosen Browning or Balzac as the most underrated, and Joyce as the most overrated—Balzac because so few people in this country read, or at any rate, talk about the greatest, as I think, of all novelists : Joyce, because his extraordinary gift of the gab seems to me to disguise inadequately a very dull mind. None of these was mentioned by any competitor.

Neither the number nor the quality of the entries was as good as the competition deserved. The overrated writers mentioned were : Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Corneille, Dr. Johnson, Burns, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Charlotte Brontë, Henry James, Oscar Wilde, Kipling, Conrad, Hardy, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Priestley, Hugh Walpole, Somerset Maugham, Kipling, the " Stream of Consciousness School," Shaw and Wodehouse. The underrated were : Bacon, Goldsmith, Stendhal, Defoe, Longfellow, Tupper, Disraeli, B. M. Croker, Peacock, W. D. Howells, E. C. Booth, A. E. Coppard, Edgar Wallace, Virginia Woolf, Ford Madox Ford, Coral O'Riordan, Thomas Burke, T. Earle Welby, Spengler, Shaw and Wodehouse. Three competitors thought that they were underrated themselves, two that " Anon " was. Jeffrey White praised Howells well, and it was a good choice. I recommend that the first prize be divided between Allan M. Laing and Miss Barbara Fletcher, the second be given to J. C. B. Date.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

KIPLING OVERRATED

I shudder to imagine why
the name of Kipling stands so high.
My own researches leave behind
the odour of a nasty mind ;
to me he seems the sort of man
who richly earned the Empire's ban,
and not that honorific gem
bestowed upon him—the O.M.
Exemplar of the schoolboy touch,
he never entertained me much :
I marvel there could be one fan
for such a twisted Peter Pan ;
for over all his prose and rhyme
is laid a vulgar *pukka* slime ;
his fun awakes sadistic croaks
from hearty adolescent blokes :
he had a certain special skill
in painting men who blindly kill,
but Time has justified the rumours—
his coloured facts were mostly bloomers ;
and when he painted Empire sky
he suffered much from " Nelson's Eye " . . .

* * *

And finally I wish to say
(to make the picture wholly grey
and prove his reputation bleedable) :
his works are " eminently readable."

WODEHOUSE UNDERRATED

It is a crime
not to regard Mr. Wodehouse's works as sublime,
yet nearly every mother's sonny
thinks them just funny ! ALLAN M. LAING

FIRST PRIZE (2)

JOSEPH CONRAD

The subdued, minutely detailed style of Conrad, in which the cheerfully commonplace and the instantaneously vivid are both eschewed, produces a novel which is subtle, but not fascinating ; painful, but not pathetic. Over Conrad's novels hangs a stealthy hush of melancholia. Everything goes forward with a slow, sad, groping dignity, like a funeral in a fog, unable to find the cemetery. Everything is understated, yet dwelt upon, probed and lingered over as if the funeral were very earnestly trying to penetrate the fog. But it never does. Instead, the long, muffled procession glides perversely to a wretched ending. Not a tragic ending, which would satisfy, but a disconcerting finish in which every hope the reader cherished is miserably thwarted. Instead of lifting, the fog ends in a black frost.

B. M. CROKER

Mrs. Croker, at her worst a writer of lively novelettes peppered with superfluous commas, is at her best a Jane Austen with a dash of Irish vivacity. She can expose a character in a couple of shrewd sentences, and her pages swarm with these snapshots—mostly alive and amusing. Hers is the world of Victorian Service people, of Anglo-Indians, and in these gossiping novels, like pressed flowers, the traits and manners of a departed tribe are preserved. Upon trivial plots of the " lovers' misunderstanding " type she expended much humour, keen observation, and authentic local colour. She " dates " just as does an old number of *Punch*, and with all her faults of carelessness and over-production this was an author who deserved a better fate than the twopenny box. No one (certainly not Kipling) has more faithfully recorded domestic life as it was lived among the Victorian sahibs and their memsahibs.

MISS BARBARA FLETCHER

SECOND PRIZE

(*a*) CORNEILLE

As an innovator and a precursor he is important to the literary historian, but a great poet and dramatist—no ! His style is rhetorical and bombastic in its purple patches and prosy elsewhere ; his lyrics are

colourless and awkward. Above all, his heroic characters are repulsive in the extreme. They are arrogant, priggish, and conceited; one kills his sister because her patriotism is not sufficiently heartless; another destroys the happiness of several people to make sure of eternal bliss for himself. His heroines abandon all their womanly virtues to pursue through endless labyrinths of logic a cold and valueless honour. This honour itself, the supposed justification for so much inhumanity, the object of so much reasoning, is simply an unreasoning submission to stilted conventions of conduct. No human beings were ever like the characters of Corneille's tragedies; we learn nothing about human nature in reading them.

(*b*) RUPERT BROOKE

Nowadays he is unjustly despised because his enthusiasms are not ours, but he was a fine artist in words. He has a keen ear for their sound and their combination into resonant phrases; with this go a richness of diction, a skill in metrical technique, and an ear for rhythmical subtleties which make him a master of the difficult arts of writing iambic pentameters and constructing sonnets. With his skill in lavishing words, he has an equal skill in economising them. He can sum up a sensuous experience in a perfect phrase. His faults, a tendency to rhetoric, over-cleverness, are those of the immaturity of a great poet still intoxicated with his gift. There is no falsity in him; his sentiment is truly felt; he can descend into the everyday without jarring. He was a great poet, who was given every gift, except that of time.

J. C. B. DATE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 328.—HOLIDAY TASK

"Hallo, Caliban!" said Snoggins. "We had some fun with those problems of yours over Easter."

"Did you?"

"The easier ones, I mean. We made a sort of competition of it. The winner in respect of each problem was the chap who solved it first."

"Any money on it?"

"Oh yes. The chap who first solved a problem—his first one—got a penny from each of the others. For his second one, he got twopence from each of the others. For his third, threepence. And so on."

"That can't have done much harm."

"It didn't do *me* much harm. I lost a shilling. But do you know what we calculated? That if Crabtree, our star performer, had been the first to solve *all* the puzzles he'd have won over twenty pounds."

"Over twenty pounds!"

"To be exact, £20 10*s*. He'd have paid for his holiday, easily."

"Actually," I said, "there wasn't, I suppose, much in it?"

"Well," said Snoggins, "we ranged ourselves. Some were better than others; no two of us won or lost the same amount. Everyone was successful in respect of at least two puzzles."

How much did Crabtree win?

PROBLEM 326.—THE LOGOCRATS

Solution by E. K. Brown

357 is 545 in the scale of 8, 1,020 in the scale of 7, 1,353 in the scale of 6. Hence the next number is 357 in the scale of 5, i.e., 2,412.

Chota-Pegg's number was 2,412.

PROBLEM 325.—RECURRENCE OF THE OLD COMPLAINT

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. H. A. Hogg, Henderson Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 7. *Seven* points are awarded.

PROBLEM 324.—AFTER THE SNOOKER GAME

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: J. B. Birks, Queen's College, Oxford. *Six* points are awarded.

PROBLEM 314.—SEPARATION ORDER

In answer to several inquiries, this problem is still under consideration by the experts to whom I sent it. I believe, however, that the right answer is 792,576. This has been arrived at in two different ways—either of which, unfortunately, would take up more space than is available.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

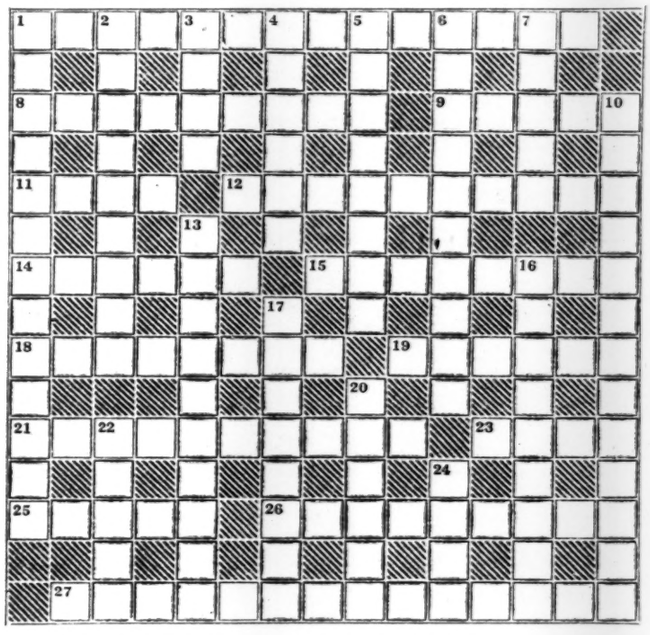
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 475

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

James Currey, 3 Beverley Road, Colchester, Essex

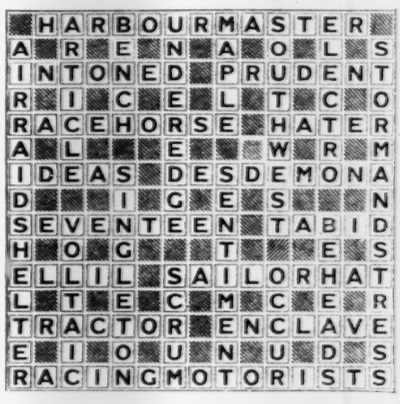
ACROSS

1. Number limbs do not feel their prickles. (14)
8. Heart failure perhaps, musically speaking. (9)
9. Unbelievers have no part in it. (5)
11. It sounds as if one penned such repetition. (4)
12. Just a D. (10)
14. Neither workers nor the last of 27. (6).
15. A word with the Beak. (8)
18. Does it spin on board? (8)
19. Always appears in the course of Easter Night. (6)
21. The occasion for coming out with flowers. (10)
23. Last Thursday. (4)
25. Result of being in form. (5)
26. An option without time. (9)
27. They yarn away and then the thread of it is apparent. (14)

DOWN

1. Ralph Nickleby paid 3/6 a week to one of these. (13)
2. Weapon for the dark? (9)
3. At about one in France. (4)
4. Doing without tea. (6)
5. How many theories have been sent up. (8)
6. Medical adviser to happy families. (10)
7. About turn, Emile. (5)
10. They do not come under the heading of "water music." (13)
13. Not, in brief, to the living. (10)
16. What the golfer hopes to do to the pond at the water hole. (9)
17. Silver in a treasure hunt. (8)
20. Simon's friend has not a leg to stand if he takes this position. (6)
22. Half this number and amuse. (5)
24. I took the fellow round. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

PHLEGMATIC MARKETS—MONEY RATES AND THE CRISIS—SHIPBUILDING—CABLES AND WIRELESS

HAVING regard to the possibility of war within the next few weeks, it is surprising how steadily the London Stock Exchange has behaved. Prices have, of course, fallen, but not to the extent that Wall Street prices have fallen, nor to the extent which would have seemed justified by the fear of approaching war. Continental exchanges broke badly on Tuesday. Amsterdam slumped, and in Paris there was a considerable volume of selling. In London, however, there was no selling pressure. I can only suppose that investors in this country hate having idle cash balances and feel embarrassed when they have money to invest. Let us take a sample of leading British industrial shares :

	Price Jan. 27th	Price Mar. 1st	Present Price	% Fall	Dividend %	Gross Yield £ s. d.
Imperial Tobacco ..	6 5/16	7 1/16	6 3/4	9.7	25 net	5 8 0
Turner & Newall ..	69/6	79/6	75/-	5.7	20*	5 8 6
Woolworth	55/6	64/6	58/-	10.1	65	5 12 0
County of London Elec. ..	42/3	46/-	42/3	8.2	10½	4 19 6
Imperial Chem. Ind.	27/9	32/3	27/9	14.0	8*	5 18 0
Bass	109/-	124/6	120/-	3.6	25 net	5 15 0

* Equivalent gross, after allowing for a reduced rate of tax.

It will be seen that prices are still above the levels ruling on January 27th last. In fact, they are still above the low levels which were touched in last September crisis. For example, 3½ per cent. War Loan fell last September momentarily to 90 before the minimum price of 93 was established. At the moment of writing they are 94⅜, having touched 94½ on Tuesday. Having regard to the degree of control which the Treasury can exercise over the market, I consider that not a few British Government stocks have fallen to prices which should begin to attract the institutional investors. Take, for instance, Guaranteed 3 per cent. which can now be purchased at 79½ to yield £3 16*s.* per cent. flat and £4 5*s.* 6*d.* per cent. to adjusted gross redemption after allowing for stamp. This yield is surely one of which the institutional investor should take notice.

* * *

The London money market has begun to react visibly to crisis influences. In the past two weeks the Treasury bill rate has jumped from 14*s.* 7*d.* to 25*s.* 6*d.* and, last Thursday, to 26*s.* 3*d.* per cent., with six months' commercial bills quoted at 1½ per cent. The increase reflects a natural desire for liquidity stimulated partly by fears that, in the event of war, the authorities would immediately raise bank rate to the "protective" level of, say, 5 per cent. Since such a step would be a meaningless observance of a tradition no longer relevant to practical needs, an assurance that war would involve, at least at the outset, no violent departure from cheap money policy would be timely. Apart, however, from this factor, the change in money market conditions is due, in the main, to the efflux of foreign balances from London and the consequent lessened ability of foreign branch banks to absorb bills. The deflationary effects of the flight of capital westwards to New York are again visible in the March clearing bank statements. Cash is down from £243 millions to £232 millions ; bills at £190 millions are £22 millions lower ; and an increase of £11 millions in advances has had to be offset by a reduction of £5½ millions in investments—a contributory factor in the recent weakness of gilt-edged. Sir John Simon cannot be congratulated on his monetary tactics. During last winter he had an opportunity to cover, say, one-third of his 1939–40 borrowing requirements by expanding the bill issue when the rate was 10*s.* per cent., and he could have forced down the long-term rate of interest by instructing the Public Departments to sell bills and buy dated stocks. Instead, he allowed the Departments to accumulate a huge volume of Treasuries, while the banks and the money market were starved of bills. In consequence, his short-term borrowing will now be much more expensive than it need have been, and the task of preparing the ground for long-term issue will be much more difficult. That fatal February "sunshine" blinded No. 11, as well as No. 10, Downing Street.

* * *

Whatever the demerits of the Government's "aid for shipping" plan may be—and subsidy without control is a highly objectionable principle—there can be no question that the position of British shipyards on the eve of the announcement of the assistance policy was grave in the extreme. Lloyd's Register shipbuilding returns for the first quarter of the year reveal that on March 31st work in hand had fallen to under 600,000 tons, as compared with 1,090,000 tons a year ago and a capacity of about two million tons. During the quarter only 71,000 tons of new building (less than 10 per cent. of the world total) was begun in British yards, whereas 133,000 tons of vessels under construction abroad were destined for British owners. Having regard to the fact that the British figure of work in hand includes three large Atlantic liners, totalling 145,000 tons, now in the fitting-out stage, it is clear that continuance of pre-subsidy conditions would have meant virtually empty yards next autumn, so far as non-naval building is concerned. The subsidy-cum-loan scheme is said to have resulted already in the placing of contracts for 500,000 tons of cargo shipping. For the next twelve months, therefore, the shipbuilding industry should enjoy relatively active conditions. After that ? These are hardly days for long-range economic horoscopes.

* * *

Cables and Wireless surprised everyone by repeating the 4 per cent. dividend on the ordinary stock without drawing on the dividend equalisation reserve of £300,000 created last year. The traffic index since the rate reductions were introduced last May averaged 67.5 up to December 31st and I have always calculated that it would have to average 67 in order to cover the preference stock dividends. The twelve months' average for 1938 with four months at the old traffic rates worked out at 69.3. Further, the Marconi Company paid 12 per cent. for the year against 9 per cent. and distributed a special bonus of 3 per cent. free of tax. This, no doubt, encouraged Cables and Wireless to repeat its ordinary dividend of 4 per cent., especially if it was able to effect further economies, but I still regard it as unjustifiable to pay an ordinary dividend at a time when the future of international trade and of Cables and Wireless earnings is being jeopardised by frenzied preparations for the next war. In the first two months of this year the traffic index has averaged 69.7, but I cannot imagine that the preference shareholders will derive much comfort from this improvement, having seen the reserves weakened by £275,000 for the payment of the ordinary stock dividend.

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ENERGY, initiative, ability to manage department; 8 years' experience textile trade, conversant home and export. Young man (24) wishes improve position. Box 4660.

FOREIGN student seeks home, housework, looking after children, translations. 29, Barrowgate Road, Chiswick, W.4.

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